



"WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN, MANCHESTER AND GLASGOW



PAST YEAR'S LEAVES.
The year leaves linger yet
From a year forever fled ;
Like the sleepless, vain regret
For the buried and the dead
That my heart will not forget .



ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLF THIEDE.

SUMMARY:

The first chapter introduces Angela Wycherley, a girl who is discontented with her life as it is regulated by her mother, who "was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left out." She desires Angela to marry Mr. Burnage, a not very attractive bachelor of some means. In the second chapter a young man, Claudius Sandell, is found in a faint by a doctor, Gabriel Lamb, outside his house at Wimbledon. The doctor takes the young man into his house and entertains him with perfect hospitality. The young man has been at Eton and Cambridge, but, for some reason which is not stated, is entirely destitute. He is fed, and arrangements are made to provide him with clothes, and Dr. Lamb—who explains that he does not practise, but is entirely engaged in research work—sees him safely in bed, and then explains to the servants and to his wife, who is afraid of him, that Sandell is to be treated precisely as if he had come to the house in the ordinary way as an honoured guest. In the meantime Mr. Burnage has made up his mind to marry Angela, being convinced that he has only to ask her. Just about this time Dr. Lamb, after divers conversations with the young man, writes to his banker instructing him to place £8,000 to the credit of Claudius Sandell. It must be remembered that a conversation between Claudius and Dr. and Mrs. Lamb has put the doctor in a position to clear Claudius with his father. He declines to do it, or to let his wife do it. In the next chapter Dr. Lamb makes an extraordinary proposal to Claudius. It is that he shall have the above-named sum paid in to his credit, eight days wherein to enjoy it, and that then he shall hand over the remainder of his life to Dr. Lamb without condition or question. Claudius agrees, and they drink success to the eight days: the "Octave" of the story's title.

CHAPTER IX.

CLAUDIUS breakfasted late and alone on Friday morning. The doctor had breakfasted long before, and Mrs. Lamb did not leave her room. The doctor excused her on the ground of ill-health, and said that when Claudius returned they would

probably be leaving England. "She needs a change."

After breakfast Claudius wrote two notes—one to Burnage and the other to Lady Verrider. Francis was to take them to town and bring back answers. He was also to execute various other com-

missions for Claudius, and make the necessary arrangements at the bank. Dr. Lamb was much more fertile than Claudius in suggesting what might be done. The doctor had a keen appreciation of the various luxuries and pleasures that eight thousand pounds would procure. To Claudius the chief point was that the eight thousand pounds would free him from the necessity for thinking about pounds at all. He did not want nearly so much money, but the doctor insisted, and only by this arrangement carried out exactly as the doctor proposed it, would he be allowed to free himself of his obligations. The doctor had told him very little, and it was useless for him to make conjectures. Possibly he had done a very foolish thing, but there had seemed to be nothing else before him.

It was just before dinner that Francis returned from London. He brought back with him two notes for Claudius. The first was from Henry Burnage. It contained this passage:

"Of course I shall be delighted to lunch with you at your hotel to-morrow. I need not inquire after the material prosperity of anyone who can afford to patronise such a place, and I am glad to think that all goes well with you. But why have you hidden yourself like this for so long? It was such an exceedingly bad thing to do that there is probably a woman at the bottom of it. And why are you leaving England? But we can talk about that to-morrow. Yes, I still write. My work is not of a class that could be called popular, nor should I wish it to be. I am writing a series entitled 'Inward Incidents' every week in a new journal called *The Latest Light*. They are impressions of some emotional experiences in the life of a young and sensuous girl. I will bring you a number or two to see, but I daresay you won't make much of them. 'Are you married, or engaged, or anything?' you ask. No, my dear Sandell. Art is my only mistress. It is unaccountable to me, and I do not say it out of any spirit of boasting, but the fact is that I seem to have a horrible gift of seeing right through every woman I meet—an absolute incapacity for being illusionised. The wonder to me is that every other man does not show a similar incapacity. But they do not. Poor Luke Monsett—you remember him—has just engaged himself to his principal's daughter."

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that Henry Burnage had carried out his intention and proposed to Angela Wycherley, and that Angela had in the kindest and most considerate way refused him. It had been a great sorrow to Mrs. Wycherley, but her husband, who was not without shrewdness, had quite approved of the refusal.

The other letter was briefer. It was from old Lady Verrider.

"MY GOOD CLAUDIUS,—I've half a mind never to speak to you again. I've quarrelled with your father about you; and, by way of showing your gratitude, you leave me severely alone for over a year. Well, you always were erratic, and, honestly, I shall be very glad to see you again. Young men always do as they like. Now, I am going to be at home to you on Saturday afternoon if you will come and have a talk and account for yourself a little, and, in any case, you must dine with me on Saturday night. You shall take in to dinner a good and sufficient reason for changing your mind about leaving England. I've recently discovered her, and love her, and her name's Angela.—Always your friend, JANE VERRIDER."

Claudius saw but little of the doctor during the day. He had been busy in his laboratory. But shortly before dinner he came into the library where Claudius was reading.

"Your carriage will come for you at twelve precisely to-night," he said. "You forgot to tell Francis when you wanted it, and so I took the liberty. You see I am not going to let you off one single minute of your imprisonment here. At twelve exactly the octave begins."

"Imprisonment!" said Claudius. "Good heavens! what a word for it. Why didn't you let me go to town to-day instead of Francis. I've been dying for want of occupation except when I was driving your bay mare, and then I pretty nearly died for other reasons. You'd better sell her before she kills somebody."

"I shall be selling all three horses before I leave England. You couldn't have gone to town anyhow. You haven't the genius that Francis has for doing a whole lot of uninteresting things in the quickest and most practical way, without forgetting any of

them. I'm afraid, though, you've been having a rather solitary time of it. I was at a point in my work when I simply couldn't leave it, and my wife——"

"Oh, I hope she's better to-night."

"She says she is. She will dine with us." The doctor's shaggy eyebrows contracted a little. "A curious case," he said, almost as if he were speaking to himself, "a very curious case."

Claudius did not like to hear the doctor speak of his wife as a "case." He had a vague idea that to doctors all sick persons were cases, but this seemed to be in bad taste. He changed the subject:

"Doctor," he said, "Francis brought me back from town a note from a man called Burnage, whom I used to know at Cambridge. I won't say that he was an absolutely intimate friend, but certainly I thought I knew him fairly well. I wrote to ask him to lunch with me to-morrow—a half-chaffing letter. Well, he sends me back a long and serious reply—the most preposterous stuff—and it puzzles me. Has Burnage changed altogether since I knew him at Cambridge, or have I?"

"Both," said Doctor Lamb. "As far as character is concerned, it is pretty certain that the boy is not father to the man. It was the ambition of my life at one time to be an evangelical preacher. I fainted on the first occasion when I went into a dissecting-room, and I wrote a letter attacking vivisection to an evening paper. I fell in love several times, and I certainly wanted to make money. Do you mean to tell me that the man who did these things is the man who speaks now? Of course not. Is the girl who flutters under a first kiss the same as the wearisome mammal who's the mother of your seventh? Of course not."

"That sounds brutal. But this man Burnage, he wasn't particularly popular at Cambridge; he went in for despising athletics, which was a stupid kind of thing to do. But he wouldn't have written that letter then. He went in for being distinctly the man of taste."

"Certainly. *Corruptio optimi pessima*. Carry precision in literary style too far, and you may get the precious and emasculated. Carry truth too far, and, as you observe, you may get brutality. The worst possible taste is the result of an

attempt to grow the best possible taste from anything but the best possible feeling."

"I don't fancy that the belief in the change of individuality could be carried to its logical conclusions," said Claudius. "For instance, now, doctor, when I was a boy of fourteen, I, in company with another boy, surreptitiously procured a bottle of whiskey. We put a lot of sugar into it to make it more palatable, and even then we didn't like it; and, of course, we had no previous experience of spirits. However, we both of us got completely drunk. We weren't discovered, as it happened, but we suffered punishment for all that. Well, I laugh about this, and yet for the life of me I can't help feeling ashamed of it. The boy that got so badly intoxicated on cheap whiskey wasn't the man I am now. Then why should I feel ashamed of his notions?"

"Why, indeed? To me it seems that it is no more logical to be ashamed of one's past than to be ashamed of one's waste tissues. Be ashamed of your present, if you like, but what has the past got to do with you? You are illogical because you are influenced by a long-formed habit. Habits of thought are just as hard to break off as other habits."

"After all," said Claudius, "it's only a question of a point of view. The illogicality does no actual harm."

"In your case possibly not. But take our method of dealing with the criminal. We tie him tight down to his past, and we do our best to destroy his self-respect, which is the most important factor in the production of self-improvement. In fact, if we can make the man heartily ashamed of himself, we call him penitent, and we are very glad. When we do these things we say that we are repressing crime or punishing crime—as a matter of fact, we are making crime. One night a clerk—in the ordinary way a respectable clerk—allows the utter pig within him to come uppermost. There may, perhaps, be some exceptional combination of temptation and opportunity. Well, the utter pig is so outrageous that the man is imprisoned. His name is in all the papers. When he comes out he finds not only that his self-respect is gone, but that the conditions of his life have been so altered that it is more difficult for him to get work and be decent and upright. Of course it should be much more easy.

Equally, of course, the man's self-respect should be strengthened in every possible way."

"That's all very well, doctor, but what about the habitual criminal. Would it be of any use to take the habitual criminal, slap him on the back, tell him that there was plenty of good in him after all, and put him into a position of trust?"

"Possibly not. I was not speaking of the habitual criminal. When the criminal has really ceased to be responsible—as in the case of some of the habitual female drunkards that you come across in the police reports—I think medical treatment might be good, occasionally. And in cases where medical treatment could do nothing, obviously the really moral and humane thing is to kill the criminal."

"No one would hear of it."

"No one ever will hear of the obviously right thing to do—they mistrust it just because it's obvious. So we kill the man who has committed one murder. Often he is a man of talent and activity; with strong potentialities for good, a man who might do his part towards human happiness and human improvement. But we let the confirmed sot live and breed more sots. Remember, too, that it is under your penal system that the hardened criminal occurs, and that method which you considered ridiculous has at any rate never been tried."

"Would you try it?"

"O, no. It's not much less ridiculous than you think it. It would succeed in a greater percentage of cases than you suppose, but even then the percentage would be very small. It is wrong because it is working at the wrong end. It is dealing with effect instead of cause, and that kind of mistake is a good deal more common than you would suppose. Even Darwin—popularly supposed to be the exponent of a belief that man sprang from the monkey—curious all these popular suppositions are—made the same kind of mistake in a different use. In the question of sex difference he substitutes a teleological for an actiological explanation."

"Ah," said Claudius, laughing. "It's just as well that we've got to get up and dress. You're taking me in too deep."

"Deep! Good heavens, man! we aren't even paddling. Your education—pardon me—was too one-sided. It gave you much that I would like to have

and have not. But it was the kind of education which could let you hold a popular and imperfect notion of Darwinism, and could let you be ignorant how far the theories of Darwin have since been modified or corrected."

"And you think that omission very important?"

"Well, yes, for certain reasons. But we will discuss them after dinner."

Subsequently Claudius found Mrs. Lamb in the drawing-room. She was wearing some fine diamonds. They were quite out of place, of course. The doctor raised his thick eyebrows. Yes, it was so—of taste and tact she had very little. Yet the greater things—the things that lie at the back of life—the things that we try to put away because they are too serious—seemed sometimes to rise and at once to claim her for their own and to justify her. Twice that night she surprised Claudius. At dinner, in the course of ordinary talk, quite suddenly and quite calmly she made a remark that was worse than irreligious: it was virulently blasphemous. It did not involve the use of any word that a decent woman could not use, but for all that it was indescribably shocking even to the two men who were neither of them orthodox—the more shocking because it was so utterly unexpected. Claudius was staggered; for a moment he hardly knew what was happening, and then he became conscious that the doctor was talking to him about steam-rollers and, at the same time, looking at Mrs. Lamb, and that Mrs. Lamb seemed nervous and half-frightened. For the rest of dinner she was almost entirely silent. She seemed to avoid her husband's glance. Her eyes looked hard and dry.

After dinner she excused herself to Claudius on the ground of her health. She felt tired and must go back to her room; certainly she looked very pale. Claudius opened the door for her. The doctor stood at the dining-table, some distance away, absorbed in the choice of a cigar. "You have chosen a queer time for leaving us," she said. "You should have stopped and driven over to London in the morning. However, good-bye." She said it without the least trace of excitement. He took her hand.

"Don't let us call it good-bye. I am coming back. I must have another opportunity to thank you for all your kindness to me. It is *au revoir*, Mrs. Lamb."



"YOU MUST NOT COME BACK"

She laughed, said that she was not to be thanked at all, and passed into the hall.

Claudius shut the door and then noticed Mrs. Lamb's handkerchief lying on the floor. He picked it up and opened the door again to give it her. As he did so she called from half-way up the stairs: "Have I dropped my handkerchief, Mr. Sandell?"

"Yes," he said, "and I'll bring it to you; don't trouble to come down." He went up and handed it her. Without a word of thanks she clutched his arm, and said in a low, rapid voice:

"Listen quickly. You must not come back. For my own sake, for yours. I warned you before, and you wouldn't believe me. It's a matter of life or death."

"I'm sorry," said Claudius, "but I must not discuss it at all. The doctor wants me, and I have given my word of honour."

"I shall do all I can to prevent your return; I've had ideas. But Gabriel used to say my day was coming, and I know now what he meant. It may come before I can carry the ideas out, and if I fail you *must* break your word. Ah, if I only had time to tell you! It would be less wrong to break your word——"

"No, no," said Claudius, gently withdrawing his arm, "you must not think about this, Mrs. Lamb. Everything will be all right. You need have no fear. Good-night again."

She put one hand to her throat for a second, and seemed to be trying to speak again. But she said nothing; she turned and ran upstairs.

"Poor lady!" said Claudius to himself. She was, he felt sure now, far more ill than he had supposed. She had evidently not known what she was saying.

In the dining-room he found the doctor, leaning back in his chair, smoking placidly.

"Sandell," he said, "there are two alternatives between which every night after dinner I find it difficult to choose. If I perform a simple amputation of the end of my cigar I find that the draught is good but that the leaf unrolls. If, on the other hand, I make a wedge-shaped incision, at a distance of one-eighth of an inch from the end, the leaf does not unroll, but the draught is less satis-

factory. What am I to do? What do you do?"

"Well," said Claudius, "I've tried both ways, and I've always found both of them answer perfectly. But if your cigars won't work why don't you try a pipe?"

"Sublime in its simplicity! I will. It's only my own method with the irreclaimable criminal adapted. Have some more wine. No? Then let's go into the study, out of the smell of the mutton."

In the study the doctor suddenly changed his tone. "Sandell," he said nervously, "I've been thinking it over, and I have an uneasy feeling that I've been taking advantage of you in this business. I hurried you. I rushed it too much."

"No," said Sandell. "When I spoke, I spoke deliberately. The chances of my book are, I am persuaded, worth nothing. As a schoolmaster, or a secretary, I might have scraped up enough to repay you what you have spent upon me, but there would still be much of another kind that could not be repaid, and I have some doubt whether I could stand the life. Doctor, I'm sick of pettiness and struggling; I had so much of it in the months before you found me, and I'm equally sick of working for merely selfish and ignoble reasons. Let me be some good to somebody. The work that you do is great, and if I can help you at all in it I ask nothing better. No, my one objection is that I do not in the least want eight thousand pounds."

"No more of that," said the doctor. "See here—I don't want reputation. I only want to get the knowledge. But the reputation will come, and you will not share it. Money too will come, though I shall take no steps to acquire it. You will not have any of it. You are merely taking your share in advance, and you must see my own point of view. The law does not recognise any such arrangement as we have made together. By the law I am wrong, but there are grades in wrongness, and if I did not carry out my side of that arrangement I should be more wrong. If I allowed you to give yourself to me and gave you nothing in return, I should stand condemned by my own moral sense. Curious thing my own moral sense is. Owing to my disregard of individuals, it

is never affected by any personal bias, and is always perfectly just. It will let me use any means, however wrong, that are requisite for the great end that I have in view; but it will not let me use means that are more wrong than is merely requisite. I don't ask or expect you to listen to this, of course. If any man talked to me, after dinner, about his moral sense, I'd go to sleep under his very eyes, and tell him afterwards why I did it. But —"

"O, I'm not going to sleep. Very well, then—we let things stand just as we arranged last night."

"I was more or less in a hurry," said the doctor, "and consequently I hurried you. But there is some excuse for me. When you first came here, my wife was—for her—unusually well. She—well you saw for yourself to-night. I must get her abroad as soon as possible. And—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," said Claudius.

They fell to chatting of other subjects. The doctor was, as usual, sometimes enthusiastic, sometimes bitter, and sometimes blasphemous, and sometimes showed the clearest judgment and sense. He began by saying how glad he was that Claudius had friends in London who would help him to enjoy his eight days. "Otherwise you'd have died of ennui. One can enjoy nothing alone—except solitude."

"And now I come to think of it," said Claudius, "I suppose I must make rather a point of not dying."

"To die intentionally," the doctor said, smiling, "would, of course, be fraudulent. Otherwise your death would merely end the bargain—I take the risk of that—just as I take the risk of my own death. By the way, death isn't altogether uninteresting."

"What *is* death, doctor?"

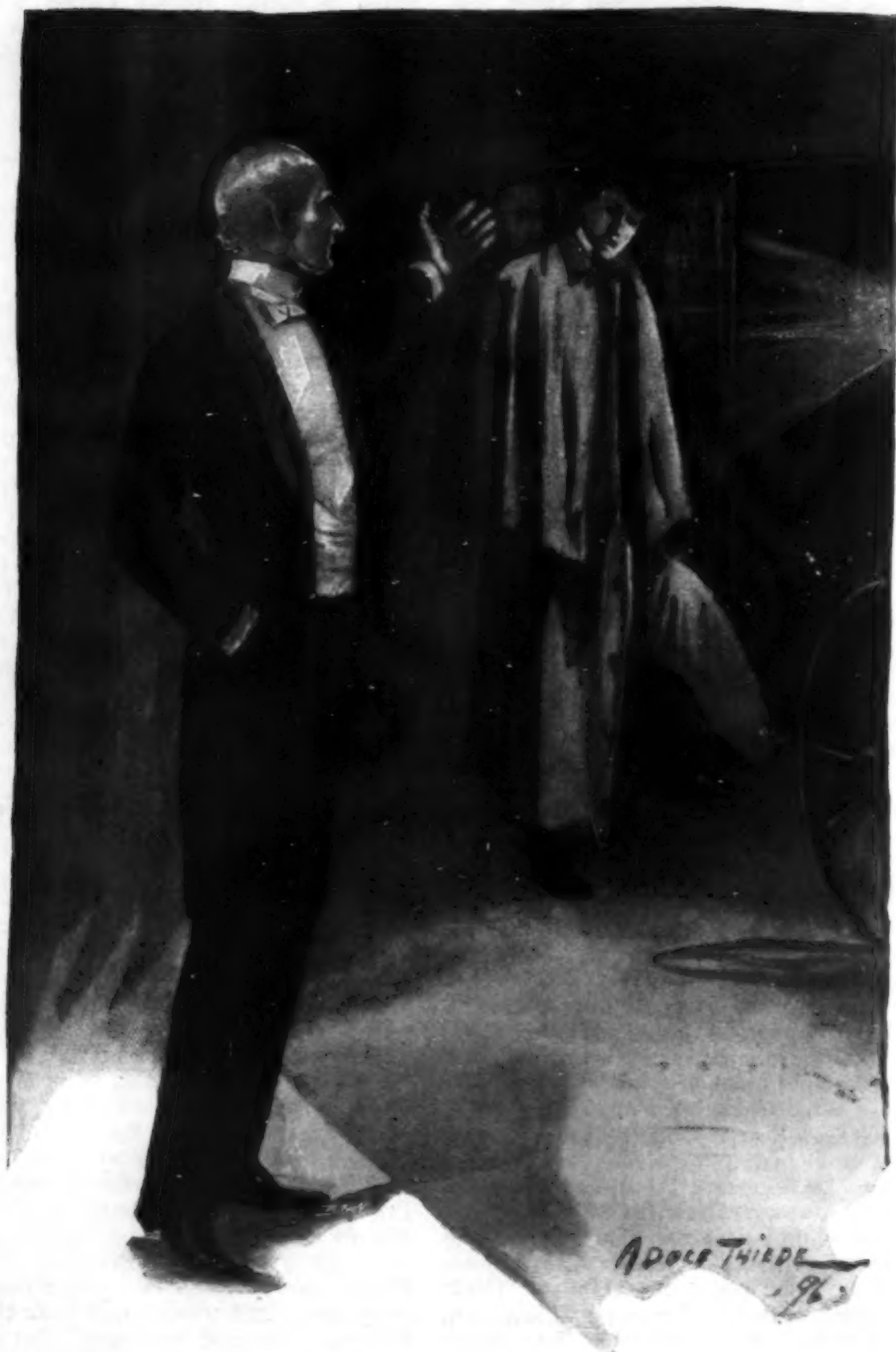
"Good heavens, man! if I could define it, I should know enough about it to avoid it for ever. To be out of harmony with one's environment is to die, if you can stand a definition that tells nothing and means nothing. Death is the price we pay for being multicellular. That's rather better. The happy Protogoon, with his single cell, never dies—never, at any rate, by natural death. The strength of wind blows down the tower, but does not damage the single brick."

"Yes," said Claudius, rather impatiently. "That accounts for the body—

looks at the mechanical side. One knows all that, our bodies are 'roll'd round in earth's diurnal course, with rocks, and stones, and trees.' But I have a personality, feel sure of it—what becomes of that?"

The doctor altered the position of the lamp, and spread out the fingers of his great hand. "You observe," he said, "the shadow of my hand on the wall. I take away the hand—the shadow goes. That's the second analogy I've used to-night, and I might as well be a curate. However, no matter! Take away the body and the personality goes. We find them always together—not connected, but simultaneous. Is it unreasonable to suppose that if the body breaks up the personality suffers some similar dispersion? And," he added, with sudden passion, "is there the least comfort, the least satisfaction, in finding that that conclusion or any other conclusion is 'not unreasonable to suppose'? Damn it, man! why do you take me on to the subject of my greatest difficulties? The questions that you ask are just the questions that you may ultimately help me to answer. The thing that most surprises me in man is his lethargic, contented ignorance about some essential points. He has been here so long, and he does not yet know how he gets here, how he goes, or how to influence with certainty and to a really appreciable extent his moral character or his intellectual abilities. There are moments when he cares, and gets very nervous. But, as a rule, he is quite comfortable—sits before the fire, reads the daily papers, and says he is 'master of his fate.' Master of his fate indeed! Never was there a more astounding and audacious lie."

"Yes," he said at another point in the conversation, later in the evening, "that is, put in a few words, the aim of my work—to make man master of his fate. Ah! Sandell, I've been ordinary enough. I've loved a woman. I loved my child, and my child died. I have had delight out of good books and good wine. I've felt fear, envy, sorrow, hate—gone through every experience which could show that I do not transcend humanity. But my work is not ordinary; it is on a higher plane. The time has come for man to hasten his own evolution. For the slow, crude modifications of Nature he must substitute his own thought, his own



"AU REVOIR, SANDELL!"

researches. He must put truth into that boast that he is master of his fate."

"Doctor," said Sandell, "you told me once that you believed in God, without giving any definition. Do you believe in the will of God?"

"The phrase," Doctor Lamb answered, frowning slightly, "is anthropomorphic. To ascribe will to God is to ascribe a limitation which, except to a theologian with his talk of the self-conditioned, must seem futile."

"Well, put it in other words: Do you believe that there is something which you cannot thwart——"

"I dislike the word 'thwart'" interrupted the doctor "I believe that there is a tendency which man can neither retard nor accelerate."

"Ah!" said Claudius. "Now, a moment ago you said that the time had come for man to hasten his evolution."

"I am not illogical. The time has come—the tendency is here. Thanks to the primitive instincts of reproduction and self-preservation, we have arrived slowly at what we are. Thanks to the evolved mind of man, we shall arrive more quickly at what we shall be. Evolution itself has provided that which will accelerate evolution. The tendency is not accelerated by man, but by itself acting through man."

"I see what you mean, but how will it happen?"

"If I said that I myself was the point of the new departure, you would probably consider me a megalomaniac; but then you are not yet in possession of the facts. Possibly I may only live to see the bare commencement of the results of my own work, if even that. But I trust I shall not die until I am assured that those results must ultimately follow."

"Is there any satisfaction to be got out of being the slave of a tendency?"

"Can one be said to be the slave of a master that is doing all that the slave wishes? The tendency is but part of the manifestation of God, and to the man of science in my position the love of God has passed from a religious duty into a logical necessity. God, so far as God is revealed by our knowledge of Nature, is taking man 'to the haven where he would be.' Sandell, you've often thought me brutal, and once said so. It is because I do not regard the individual, but the race, and what the race may ultimately be. But think

whether my view or yours is most in accord with the laws of Nature, the manifestation, if you like the term, of 'the will of God.' It is on the just and the unjust alike that the sun shines or the tower of Siloam falls. There is no regard there of the individual. A moment ago you spoke of your personality as though it were so precious a thing that you could not bear to lose it. No, I am not sneering at you. The instinct for self-preservation is almost universal; but do not let it make you lose your sense of proportion. Read a manual of astronomy, read Darwin—we all crib his facts even when we correct his theories—familiarise yourself with great tendencies, great numbers, great space. You may still believe that you are something; but to give that up when your time comes will seem to you—in a delightful obedience that is no slavery—to be far better."

The doctor, who had paced up and down the room as he was talking, now seated himself, facing the fireplace. He had seemed to speak with sincerity, enthusiasm, almost excitement. But with him excitement did not slowly die; it vanished like a flame blown out. As he filled another pipe, he remarked, in a matter-of-fact way:

"Look here, Sandell, if you'll write me a cheque for fifty, with to-morrow's date, I'll cash it for you now. You may want small sums to-morrow before it is convenient for you to change a cheque."

"Thank you," said Claudius. He did not quite seem to be hearing and understanding. However, he wrote the cheque, took the notes and thrust them into a pocket, and thanked the doctor again. For a few moments there was silence, and then Claudius said:

"And I am going away to spend eight thousand pounds—or as much of it as I can—in eight days. When I think of all you've been saying, I feel like a bibulous coster, who has come into a little money and means to go on the burst with it."

"You will do in your way what he would do in his, but the ways are widely different. Don't frighten yourself with phrases. Enjoy! Enjoy!"

Before Claudius could answer, Francis opened the door: "Mr. Sandell's carriage is here."

Both men glanced at the clock; it was five minutes to twelve. As James shut the door, the doctor said:

"Don't be impatient. You have tried to earn what you are now going to have, but you have failed. I know the feeling that you are going through. But remember you will earn fully, afterwards, all the enjoyment that eight days can bring you. Ah! you will do far more than that. Words cannot express the obligation under which I shall be to you, or the delight which I feel in having found you."

They had passed into the hall, as the doctor talked. Claudius smiled drearily:

"How do you know that I shall come back? You must have me watched."

"I know it, because you have truth and courage. You will not be wretched, of course. The greater your freedom—and the law will not recognise our contract—the more such a man as you will feel bound."

For a minute or two they chatted; the clock had begun to strike the hour as they shook hands and James opened the carriage door. The doctor waved his hand as Claudius stepped into the carriage.

"Au revoir, Sandell! Saturday after next at the same hour. Hope you will have a good time; I'll give your message to my wife. . . ."

The carriage drove off. In the window above the entrance doors there was a light. It was the window of the room that had been the nursery. The blind was held back a little; Mrs. Lamb was watching the lights of the carriage passing down the drive. As the carriage turned on to the road, Claudius thought he heard a cry; the coachman must also have heard it, for he almost pulled up his horses and then—probably with a reflection that, after all, it was none of his business—drove on again. The doctor standing alone in the hall heard that cry very distinctly; it was the scream of a hysterical woman, and it came from the room overhead. He wrinkled his brow a little, and his lips drew back showing his great white teeth. He crossed the hall and took down a

light riding whip. Then he went slowly upstairs, humming to himself. He opened the door of the nursery. On a chest of drawers stood a couple of lighted candles in tall candlesticks that Mrs. Lamb had brought from her own room. On the floor against the window she lay, face upwards—chuckling, panting, sobbing—occasionally speaking incoherently.

Gabriel Lamb closed the door behind him. "Get up!" he said curtly.

"No, no," she moaned. "Don't come near me, Gabriel; don't touch me."

In four quick steps he had crossed the room and was by her side. She began to scream again. He dragged her to her feet, and as she went staggering away from him with arms wide-spread he struck her savagely across the back again and again with the whip. The immediate effect of this brutality was that the hysterical fit stopped suddenly. She reached the mantelpiece, and stood clutching it and facing her husband. Her bosom rose and fell, quickly and deeply, with anguish in her eyes. But her self-control had partly returned, and when she spoke it was in a subdued voice.

"Why—why have you done this awful thing?"

"For two reasons. When you come to think over it, you will see that you know them both."

She could think of nothing. The blows that he had given her stung and throbbed; from sheer physical pain she began to cry—quietly.

"Oh, Gabriel, you've hurt me so! You have hurt me so!"

"You had better go to bed now." He opened the door for her. "I will put the lights out here. Be careful not to drop your handkerchief as you go out this time."

Without another word she went into her room. The doctor went downstairs, through his study and into the laboratory. He switched on the electric light, flung the riding whip into a corner and began work.



Black and White Artists of To-Day.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

FIRST PART.

SOMEONE was remarking the other day upon the marvellous number of admirable writers with which the present age is gifted. The number of artists who can do fine work in black and white is certainly not less remarkable. It were perhaps immodest to refer to past numbers of *THE LUDGATE* in proof of this statement: indeed, it is proved by

has done a variety of work: London street characters: events, for the *Illustrated London News*, these drawings being chiefly concerned with the poorer classes—Dock Strikes, Sweating, Riots of the Unemployed, the Salvation Army, Common Lodging-Houses, and so on. He has been on cruises to the Mediterranean and to Norway for the *Illustrated London News*. He has also illus-



MRS. ALLINGHAM
From a photograph by R. H. Macey, Hampstead

half-a-hundred journals every week in the year. In this article, and some that are to follow, we shall give you portraits of the principal British illustrators.

Mrs. Allingham, who comes first upon our list, has done a great deal of illustrating, mainly intended for the special edification of children. She has an excellent gift of fancy, and much of her work is delightful.

W. Douglas Almond's first published drawings were done ten years ago for Cassell and Company. Since then he



W. DOUGLAS ALMOND
From a photograph by Russell and Sons

trated stories and articles for numerous magazines, and is a member of the Institute of Painters in Oil, the Artists' Society, and the Langham Sketching Club.

John H. Bacon, though readers of *THE LUDGATE* know him as an excellent black and white artist, is known to an even wider public as a painter pure and simple. The art instinct is hereditary in him: and a youth spent in frequently visiting the studio of his father, a lithographer, brought it into active play. At

fifteen he left school, studied for the Academy Schools and succeeded in passing in. Immediately honours fell to him: the Creswick silver medal for the life class, a Landseer scholarship, and other smaller matters. He received his first varnishing ticket in 1888 for his picture, *Never More*. Later, Mr. Lever, the proprietor of Sunlight Soap, purchased his *A Wedding Morning* a

Stanley Berkeley is another of the artists who started with the intention of developing into something quite different. He was "in the law" until he attained his majority. Then he "bolted" and tried to live on nothing a year, while he studied at the evening classes at the Lambeth School of Art under Mr. Sparkes. He gained the National Gold Medal for drawing from the life. He



JOHN H. BAXTER
From a painting by himself

picture popular with the public because of its acute observation of rustic types and characters, and with painters because of its careful values and textures. In 1894 he received a gold medal in Paris for his picture, *The Young Widow*, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1893, and in the next year at the Champs Elysées. He has done most of his drawings for *Black and White* and THE LUDGATE, and for Cassell and Company, and Blackie and Sons, of Glasgow.

is best known to the greater public by humorous dog subjects, but there are few things in black and white art he has not attempted and done, his preference being always for dramatic subjects in human and wild animal life. He was for some years a member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, and has been a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, his principal pictures being battle subjects, always dealing with ambitious themes and strong action.

Most of them have been successfully published in photogravure.

Adolphe Birkenruth has worked for most of the chief illustrated journals in this country, more as an illustrator, or a maker of beautiful pictures, than as a delineator of current events. His im-

strong tendency to black and white and a way of seeing the humorous side of things. For several years he was exceeding well-known as "Twym," for his contributions to *Quiz* and *The Bailie*. In 1891 he came to London to join the staff of the *Daily Graphic*, with which journal he has been associated since it



STANLEY HERKELEY
From a photograph by Pellatt

pressionism is marked, but it is in no wise a cloak for clumsy or inaccurate drawing. His women are usually excellent.

Alexander Stuart Boyd was born in Glasgow—untold ages ago, if you will accept his word for it. After being a bank-clerk for a while, he became a painter in oil and water-colour, with a

was started. He is a member of the Royal Scottish Water Colour Society, and contributes to the *Graphic*, *Punch*, *Black and White* and other journals. A. S. Boyd the younger, whom his father somewhat unnaturally desires to efface—from this illustration—has not been asked for particulars of his career. It is known, however, that he has a promising turn for drawing, and though his years are

few in number, it is some time since he announced his intention of being a black and white artist in winter and a 'bus-driver in summer. One with such a fine appreciation of the advantages of different callings at varying seasons cannot fail to succeed.

René Bull is a pupil of Caran D'Ache,

that make him an ideal special correspondent.

John Charlton's work in black and white has been widely distributed and is known wherever the spirit of sport makes itself felt. He is one of the few artists who know how to draw a horse in such a manner as to satisfy



ADOLPHE BIRKENRUTH

and for some years everyone has known him as the author of numerous stories told in sketches without the aid of words. It remained for *Black and White* to discover that he was capable of work vastly more serious. As its Special Artist in Constantinople he has displayed artistic powers that have until now been latent, and a pluck and courage

both the horsey man and the person who looks upon his drawing as a drawing pure and simple.

Reginald Cleaver is chiefly known to the great public as one of the artists of the *Daily Graphic*, which has certainly suffered somewhat since ill-health made him a less regular contributor than he



A. S. BOYD, ELDER AND YOUNGER
From a photograph by W. Ralston, Glasgow



RENÉ BULL

was during the first years of the existence of that journal. He has done much admirable work for the *Graphic*, and is

can engage his energies that has not seen conspicuous successes of his. Nevertheless, he has worked much in black



JOHN CHARLTON

From a photograph by W. and D. Downey



REGINALD CLEAVER

From a photograph by Van der Weyde

one of the young men who have been called upon in recent years to impart the much needed charm of freshness and novelty to the pages of *Punch*.

A. C. Corbould has contributed to most of the best of our English periodicals, and is especially interested in matters of sport. *Punch* would not be the British institution that it is if it did not share in the same interest, and so Mr. Corbould has naturally enough done many drawings for that journal.

To speak of Walter Crane among black and white artists is to suggest limitations that do not exist in his case. There is scarce a field wherein the artist

and white, and always with a pleasing sense of decorative fitness. To this fact some of the volumes issued by the Kelmscott Press will probably exist to testify long after most of the books of recent years have utterly perished, so far as their original editions are concerned.



A. C. CORBOULD

W. Dewar, whose work is very familiar to the readers of THE LUDGATE, is the son of a manufacturer of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who died when he was sixteen. He was apprenticed to a wood-engraver, with whom he served for three years. When the time of his apprenticeship came to an

end, he at once began to draw for divers periodicals, and has gone on doing so ever since.



WALTER CRANE

O. Eckhardt, R.B.A., of whom we give a portrait from a pencil drawing by R. B. M. Paxton, is a young artist who came to London to join the staff of the *Daily Graphic* when that journal started. He soon left it, and afterwards was associated with the ill-fated *Butterfly*. He has done a great deal of work for *Pick-Me-Up* at divers times, and has contributed many drawings to THE LUDGATE and *Black and White*. At the recent R.B.A. show, where he exhibited for the first time, his *Henley Regatta, 1896*, was one of the few conspicuous successes of the exhibition.

J. E. Finnemore, R.B.A., was born in Birmingham. After some fruitless years spent in business, he succeeded, at the age of twenty, in giving himself seriously to the study of art. Before this his evenings had always been earnestly spent at the School of Art of the town. After a course there under the able direction of Mr. E. R. Taylor, the head-master, he crossed to the then quaint old city of Antwerp, where serious study was continued. In 1884, after wanderings in search of interesting subjects in Turkey, Russia, Greece, his attention was directed to black and white work, a branch of art which, until then, had not attracted him. He was soon fully occupied. His first drawings appeared in the *Boys' Own Paper*, illustrating a story of Russian life. He has worked much for Cassell

and Co. and for the *Graphic*, and has been connected with *Black and White* since its inception. He has lately completed a set of a hundred drawings illustrating *The Swiss Family Robinson*. He has painted a good deal, and is a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, and Associate of Royal Cambrian Academy. He tells an amusing story which will be worth repeating. During the visit of the German Emperor he had to do a drawing which necessitated his working far into the night. The light in his studio attracted the attention of the police, who made arrangements for a capture. When he had finished his drawing and went to the window to look out, he found his lawn in their occupation. Even his appearance hardly seemed to re-assure them, and it



W. DEWAR

From a photograph by Vandycke, Croydon

seemed for a while as if he would be captured for an attempted burglary in his own house.

Charles Amédée Forestier was born in Paris in 1854, and studied at the Beaux Arts under Lehman. After serving in the French army he settled in England some fifteen years ago. He contributed to the *Lady's Pictorial* soon after that paper's first appearance, then became a member of the



O. ECKHARDT

From a drawing by R. B. M. Paxton

Illustrated London News staff, to which he has belonged for the last thirteen years. He acted as Special Correspondent on several occasions in Italy, France, Norway, &c. He has been honoured with several commissions from Her Majesty the Queen, including one respecting the ceremony of the Russian Emperor's coronation, for which he was specially sent to Moscow in May last.



J. E. FINNEMORE

From a photograph by Hellis and Sons



C. A. FORESTIER

From a photograph by Russell and Sons

A Pestilence in Paradise.

WRITTEN BY MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS. ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG.

(*From Maurice Fleming, A.R.A.*)
The Manor House, Langley, Surrey.
June 24th.

DEAR MRS. ALLEYNE,—
You say that the session has been raging with more than customary severity, and that your husband is suffering from blue-book delirium tremens and must give up till the autumn. Please do me the favour of occupying this house through July and August. Be my guests, and make an absent host grateful, for, as you know, I sail in Lord Passmore's yacht in the interests of marine art next Thursday.

The garden is no longer what it was, but there's plenty left for you to paint; the place is gorgeous with orange tigridias and delphiniums, and my old gray walls are covered with clematis and roses. The house is small, as I've often told you, but the moat, the covered bridge, and the sundial in the middle of the lawn must make amends—with Stephen Langton thrown in, for he lived here.

The gardener's scythe will wake you in the morning. The elms are blue with summer. The cuckoo's has become a threefold shout—cuck—cuck—oo. Are you countrywoman enough to know how he stutters as his voice thickens?

Hearken to all these charmers, make Alleyne pair for the remainder of the session, and say you'll come.

I ought, perhaps, to mention that the people hereabouts (with the exception of your old friend, Dr. Grenfell) are dull—deadly dull—and alarmingly sociable. I really don't know how to protect you. I am so seldom here they let me more or less alone, but the fame of a beautiful lady will be sure to precede you and they'll crowd round. Let me see, there's—but I'll leave you to deal with them as fancy dictates. I merely put before you the rough with the smooth, for I know you're not like Richelieu,

"an indulgent admirer of mediocrity."
I'm hardened.—Yours ever,
MAURICE FLEMING.

(*From Mrs. Alleyne.*)
Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.,
June 25th.

DEAR MAURICE,—

It's only too kind. We'll come joyfully. You must be a thought-reader, because but for you I don't know what would have been our fate—certainly not six weeks' beautiful quiet, just what our shattered nerves require. We simply could not agree to go where there are London people; we're sick of faces, and thirsting for the wilderness. As for keeping the emphatic neighbours at bay, I'll call in Dr. Grenfell, and he'll help us. Please ask your housekeeper to expect us by the 9.15 p.m. on the 1st. Jack has found a pair, but must be in the House that afternoon.

Bon voyage. Best thanks.

Forgive brevity; it's so hot that my ideas are in liquidation, without assets!
—Yours sincerely,

LUCY ALLEYNE.

(*From Mrs. Alleyne.*)
Langley Manor, July 3rd.

DEAR MAURICE,—

You never told half the delights of this ancient house and four-square garden. Stephen Langton's too remote, but Mariana, Isaac Walton, Charles I., and George Herbert must all have lived here, and Marvell have dreamt of it. The gabled well, and the Lucerne-like bridge over the moat, and the green alleys, and the pots of oranges, and the old carved seats, and the little watercourse where the arums are, and the Alpine borders beyond—we're all over notes of admiration! Sometimes I think the "back" garden, where the humbler flowers live in a crowd, is even more fascinating than the one before the house. I've been

gathering great bunches for the studio (how beautiful your larkspurs are!), so that indoors and out we revel in sweetness.

Thus far Jack sits in a Chinese cane chair and just chews the cud of his well-being. The bees' small talk does not trouble him!

Apropos, I haven't told you what fun we had last night. Dr. Grenfell came in after dinner, and we told him how badly we wanted to enjoy the country without being worried by the country people. He agreed with you that they'd call for ten miles round. And don't I know them from his description—*bornés*, incapable of general ideas, the usual menagerie of a country place "not too far from London"! There are the Miss Malkins, two mincing tabbies who devote their existence to afternoon teas and censure; old Mr. Gubbins, whose ideal of happiness is to invest his interest; the vicar's wife; the retired general, Sir Mumbles Head, and his—all material fools; the army coach establishment, where they don't let the tutors go in at the front door; and the dreadful Mrs. Foley, the bride, who uses long words and mouths when she fancies she's in good society. Why should I be snobbish? If, instead of being rudimentary animals, these people spoke with the tongues of angels, it would be pretty much the same: we don't want to be bothered to talk. Dr. Grenfell suggested a board, "Callers will be shot at without further notice!" He said it was a morbid feature of Londoners in the autumn to want to escape from their kind. He had already told us that when the manor house takes snuff the whole village sneezes, so I expect he thought he would have enjoyed the slight fizzle we might have caused! At last, however, a happy idea struck us. I ought to say that after the dear old doctor had looked at Jack professionally he saw it wasn't mere moroseness makes me want to discourage people. Jack's insomnia demands absolute rest.

The idea is to allow it to spread about, quietly and artistically of course, that there is a young family—and scarlatina. Won't the faintest hint of such a thing fly like wildfire? And from what Dr. Grenfell tells us, we need something drastic for self-preservation—the neighbourhood is already fitting on its calling gloves. Isn't the scarlatina

fun? I long to hear how it works. I feel convinced they'll never come near enough to find how they're being got at, and we shall be left alone in our glory—with Dr. Grenfell to report mutual progress!—Yours sincerely, L. A.

P.S.—Don't forget Harry broke out yesterday and darling Tommy is sickening!!

(Outside envelope.)

Baby's throat seems queer. I think I'd better not send her out till we see.

(From Miss Malkin to Miss Grizzel Grimme, of Bath.)

St. Catherine's Priory, Langley,

July 3rd.

MY DEAR GRIZZEL,—

Your old friends Pringle and Eliza had nearly given up all thoughts of hearing from you, so I was going to unburden my mind when your welcome epistle appeared. You seem to have had your full share of dissipation lately. No wonder you were busy with three tea-parties in one week and the Sale of Work.

And now I am sure you want Langley news. Full indeed are we of them—we have certainly not been stagnating. To begin with, have you ever heard the name of Alleyne as a lady artist? (The husband is an M.P.—an odd mixture, is it not?) Well, we had never heard the name; though we are such admirers of Lady Butler and her elevating battle-pieces, I am quite sure no other female painter could come up to her. However, I have it on Dr. Grenfell's authority that Mrs. Alleyne's name is well known in the Royal Academy and that cool exhibition where the fountain plays and there's plenty of room—I forget the name—it's not the Grosvenor Gallery.

All this is to tell you that the manor house is let! As soon as ever we saw clean blinds going up at the windows we decided to call, as we knew the eccentricity himself was going away for two months, and that very morning we met the doctor, and he just said that the name of the people was Alleyne and that the wife was an artist and the man a Radical. I wished he had not thought to mention the latter fact, for, as you see, being a dame of the Primrose League, it might look inconsistent of

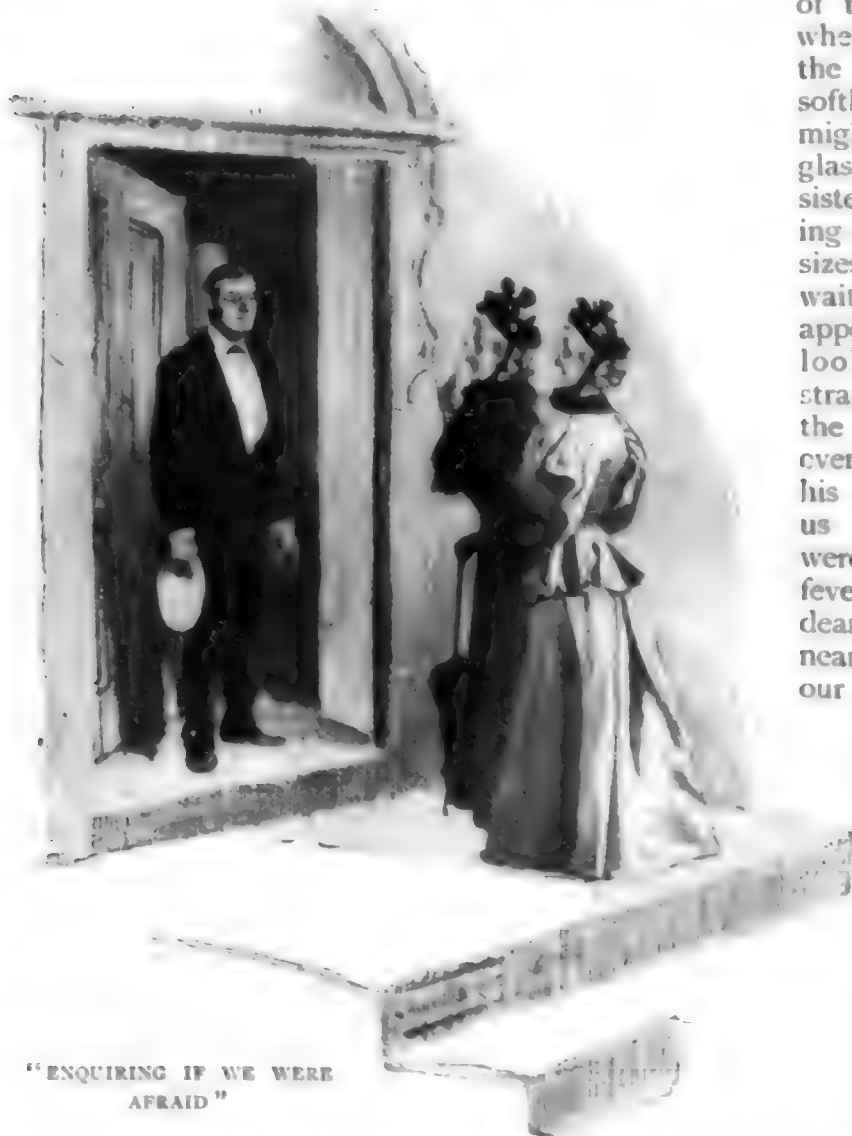


"DR. GRENFELL CAME IN AFTER DINNER"

me, my principles being so well known, to be among the first callers. But as we were determined not to have that wretched little Mrs. Foley beforehand with us, as she was in the spring when the Conways took the vicarage, we made up our minds to forget what the doctor had said—he was whipping up his horse, and as there was a high wind and he laughing, of course we

propitious weather, especially with the shaded red tips Miss Jones put in our bonnets to be ready for autumn, so we sallied forth, card-case in hand, to that very unusual place for us, as it is for anyone hereabouts, one may say, the manor house.

You know how nonsensically roundabout the drive is, and then the covered way leading up to the garden, making such a ridiculous fortress of the whole place—well, when we at last reached the front door, I rang softly, as I thought we might then see through the glass what the family consisted of (everyone seeming in the dark as to their sizes and number), and waited. However, nobody appeared till a solemn-looking man-servant, a stranger to us, came to the door, and before I even had time to ask for his mistress, he electrified us by inquiring "if we were afraid of the scarlet fever?" I believe, my dear Grizzel, I never felt nearer fainting—you know our dread and horror of every kind of infection. I hardly liked to open my mouth and gasp out "Yes." And Eliza declared she felt she could see the germs floating in the hall like red specks in the air. It simply took our breath away, and we could hardly bear our card to touch the salver



"ENQUIRING IF WE WERE
AFRAID"

might easily not have heard. I decided not to wear my badge brooch for the next month, as one does not want to go out of one's way to affront people politically when nothing is to be gained by it, for I could not hope to convert the M.P. even if I could get Mrs. to read *The Primrose Banner*.

This afternoon the weather was so sunny that though we should naturally have waited another day to give the newcomers time to prepare for visitors, we thought it would be better not to lose the

the man-servant held.

It is certainly a terrible chastening for these Alleynes if they only look at it in the proper spirit; but actually Eliza says she saw, as we hastened away, one or more grown-up people sitting outside the drawing-room windows. Such extraordinary behaviour not only argues neglect of their children, but *the danger of spreading the infection* is tenfold greater where people walk about in a garden, without considering who may be walking on the other side of a mere holly

neuge and the way germs would blow over. As far as we are concerned we shall not let our walks take us within two miles of this terrible epidemic which has descended upon the manor house.

Langley has always been such a healthy place hitherto, and I consider it positively wicked of people to bring germs into the country. We shall caution everybody, and were just deciding as we hurried down the drive to take Condy baths and have our clothes first baked in the oven and then hung out all night in the garden, when whom should we meet but the vicar's wife and Georgie Blinkensop, and close upon their heels that pushing Mrs. Foley, all going to call on the Alleyne's. Of course we told them what our experience had been, and of course they instantly decided to turn back with us instead of pursuing their intention. Georgie was obliged to wait behind up and down the road, as Mrs. Blinkensop had promised to let Sir Mumbles and Lady Head call with them, and they had to be warned.

And now, dear Grizzel, as Martha is waiting to take the letters, I must postpone all further news, and subscribe myself your affectionate friend,
PRINGLE MALKIN.

P.S. — I don't know when we shall feel comfortable. Eliza says the germs develop in three weeks, but I am convinced it is five. I am not sure that I am not feeling feverish and poorly already.

(Three weeks later.)

(From Mrs. Alleyne.)

Langley Manor, Monday Morning.

DEAR MAURICE,—

The anti-social ruse worked capitally. Two old ladies called the very first day,

but were routed, thanks to Pratt's admirable solemnity. What with Dr. Grenfell's sly hints, combined with some judicious telegrams I told one or two friends to expect (acting on an inspiration of Dr. Grenfell's that the village postmistress



"OFFERED TO SPRINKLE HIM WITH A
DEODORISER"

would unconsciously prove a valuable ally), we have completely succeeded in being ostracised, consequently we have had a perfect time. Jack's sleeplessness and neuralgia are matters of memory, and I feel ten years younger. I am getting on capitally with a picture, but already the thought—How long can it last? is beginning to torment us. Dr. Grenfell says the vicar is determined to

call "to see the little convalescents," and once he does there'll be the—piper—to pay.—Yours sincerely,

LUCY ALLEYNE.

Monday Evening.

P.S.—The worst has happened. They've forced my hand, and I've been obliged to turn our comedy into a farce. The vicar came!—a frantic old muff of a hedge-parson (so Dr. Grenfell tells us), whom you doubtless know only to flee him and all his works. He took no notice of our danger-signal, "Do not ring," which I had nailed above the bell, and actually got himself shown in. Luckily no one was in the room. I scolded Pratt roundly and insisted on his taking in a bulletin with these words, "Scarlatina abated; children still suffering very much from ring-worm. Highly contagious character of disease precludes personal interview.—NURSE AMY." I told Pratt to hold this up for the old gentleman to read, without letting him touch it, and then to *offer to sprinkle him with deodoriser*. My scent spray was in the room, and as the silly shepherd accepted the offer, that did every bit as well.

L. A.

(From Mrs. Alleyne.)

The Manor.

Friday, 28th.

DEAR MAURICE,—

Our comedy is dead and done for. Either our dream-children must take flesh or we must melt into air. What do you think has happened? The reverend vicar has written to Jack announcing his intention of praying for us in church on Sunday! Can't you fancy it—"an afflicted family temporarily resident in

our midst"? The horror of it is that both Dr. Grenfell and Jack say it must be stopped! If the vicar had not let us know, it would be different, Jack says. We could not be expected to prevent his doing the thing on his own up. It is too tiresome of the tactless creature to give us notice of his ill-timed zeal.—Yours distractedly,

LUCY ALLEYNE.

(From John Alleyne, M.P., to the Reverend Timothy Blinkensop.)

DEAR SIR,—

Thank you for your kind thought regarding us. The illness, however, is better; the children have been sent to the seaside, and the house is undergoing a thorough purification, so that we shall not now need your kind mention of us in your Sunday service.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN ALLEYNE.

(From Miss Malkin to Miss Grizzel Grimme.)

Langley.

July 31st.

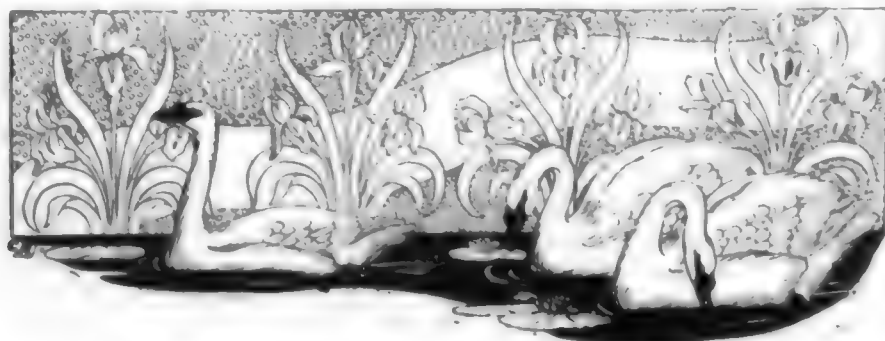
DEAREST GRIZZEL,—

Just a line to tell you that we have heard from friends in London that Alleyne, M.P., is an elderly man—with *no children*! What can the meaning of it be? Who is this "Mrs. Alleyne"? Have we been mercifully saved from making the acquaintance of some lost character? At all events, we shall *not* call again; and doubtless things have been ordered for the best that we did not see them.—Your outraged friend,

P MALKIN.

I always had *an instinct* against all artists.

PRINGLE.



The Last Fisher of Finnan.

WRITTEN BY JOHN GEDDIE. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

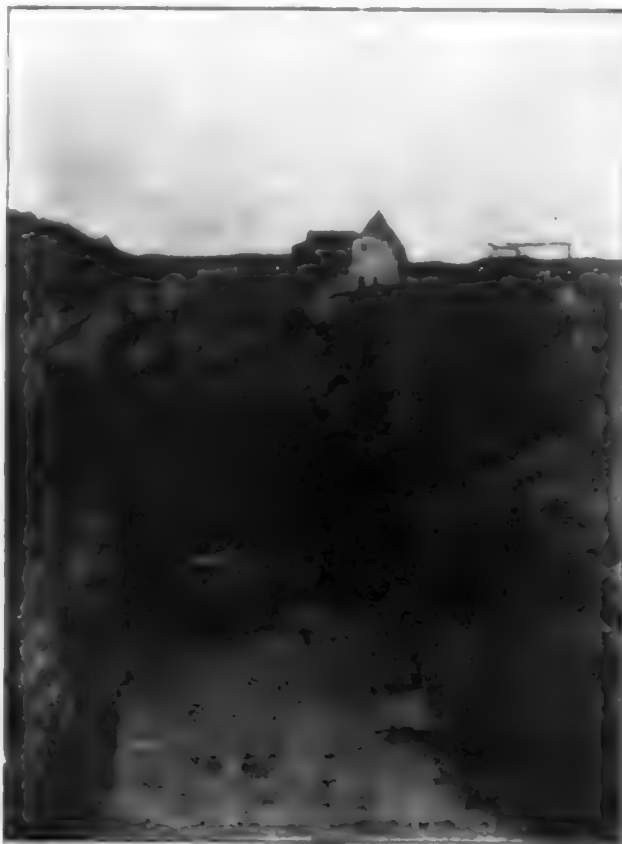
THE "Finnan Haddie," celebrated by the author of *Waverley*, and relished, in spite of its Scots origin, by Dr. Johnson, has a fame that has gone broadening down from generation to generation. It is a toothsome morsel at the breakfast-table of rich and poor from John o' Groat's to Berwick bounds: and the taste and demand for it are growing and spreading south the Tweed. Trawlers and line-fishers go forth to the furthest isles of Shetland to capture the fish named of Finnan. Special trains convey the smoked dainties every morning to the southern markets. This reputation is undoubtedly founded on merit. As an old writer has it, the fish yellowed after the old Finnan recipe is "tender and sweet as marrow." Sir Walter Scott says of the Finnan haddie that it "has a relish of a very peculiar and delicate flavour, inimitable on any other coast than that of Aberdeenshire [in point of fact, Finnan, or Findon, is in Kincardineshire], and some of our Edinburgh philosophers have tried to produce their equal in vain." He adds that these "philosophical haddocks" having been served, in competition with the genuine Finnan product, at an Edinburgh dinner party, out of twelve diners but one (the host probably) preferred the new-fangled fish.

Strangers who have allowed their imagination to play about the subject have probably figured Finnan as a large fishery station, with a busy boat-haven and ranges of crowded curing-sheds—in short, occupied as profitably with its haddie as Yarmouth is with its bloater. Those dwelling near by know better. They

are aware that Aberdeen has sucked the life and the trade out of the little fishing ports in its neighbourhood—out of Finnan among the rest; and that the curers of the Granite City have apparently solved the secret the Edinburgh philosophers failed to discover, by maintaining the quality while enormously increasing the supply of yellow fish. As the haddie has increased, Finnan has decreased.

Report had reached me that

Seaton of Findon was on the point of melting away altogether, as a place where the haddock is caught and cured. This had not a little influence in directing my steps to the rugged coast between Stonehaven and Aberdeen, where, tallest and dreariest among many rival headlands, Findon Ness thrusts its dark snout into the North Sea. Travellers by rail get glimpses from the carriage-windows of this wild and rock-bound shore. They see crops of oats and turnips carried by the thrifty northern farmers to the very brink of the indented precipices, with here and



FINNAN HARBOUR

there a cluster of whitewashed fisher-houses, a snug but bare farmstead, or a fragment of old castle or ruined kirk, surrounded by gray and desolate tombstones; and leaning over the waves. And at intervals there opens at his feet a vast gap eaten by the sea into the land, with perpendicular walls a

heugh, up whose slippery ledges, long the breeding-places of the king's falcons, a castaway company of young St. Andrews students climbed in Queen Anne's reign, having miraculously come to land after drifting for a week in the North Sea—these are among the spots worthy pilgrimage.

There are vivid glimpses of life and toil on the quays and doorsteps of the little fisher villages, though of these it is, perhaps, wise for the dainty wayfarer to keep well to windward. The typical village on this coast is perched on high ground overlooking the sea and its tiny haven, this being usually a natural dock cut by the action of water through the softer strata of the rocks that rise perpendicularly on either



JAMES WOOD: THE LAST FISHER

couple of hundred feet in depth, and with the salt water pulsing through all its crannies, and flashing and churning on the stacks and ledges that guard its narrow portals. But it is only by walking for miles along the margin of these cliffs that one can rightly comprehend the nature of the wild coast scenery round Findon. It is a toilsome and roundabout way, for the edges of the precipices have more folds and pleats than the borders of a Finnan fish-wife's mutch or cap; and here and there, especially if one is impelled by the heat and the inviting look of the clear, green waters below, to scramble down for a bathe, the way becomes a trifle dangerous. But never is it wearisome to the spirit. There is infinite variety in the shape of crag and cove and grotto and in the hue and aspect of the "fair fields of sea." The "Grum Briggs" of Muchals, beetling and fantastic; the rocks of the Downies, bending their dark foreheads, like an assemblage of hooded friars, towards the ocean; Portlethen, where the wandering Charles the Second had an amorous adventure, preserved in ballad; Earn-

hand. There is usually at the head of the cove a patch of shingly beach, whereon the boats are hauled up, while a ledge of rocks, with a fairway through them, forms a shelter from the wind and the sea. On the steep sides and brow of the height behind is a series of windlasses and winding-ropes, one set for each of the fishing-yawls, that are thus hoisted out of harm's way in time of storm.

Such are Skateraw and Downies and Portlethen. Such also was Scaton of Findon in its palmier days. I looked over the edge of the cliff into the narrow creek that forms its harbour, reached by a long, winding path; ending in a steep and broken flight of stairs, leading from the village on the high, windy headland. Not a craft rode in the still waters. The crannies of the rock were empty, and the windlasses rust-covered and out of gear. There were nets and ropes and an over-turned coble or two on the shore. But they belonged to the salmon fishers, and were already stowed away for the winter. It was like gazing into the grave of Findon. I stepped into the salmon-fisher's bothy. A young fellow,

sun and weather-tanned, was there, eating his frugal lunch. I shared his bread and cheese, and gave him a pull from my flask; that loosened his cautious Aberdonian tongue.

"It's gey roch rough livin' here in the sizzin'," he said, looking round the bare apartment, wherein were nearly a dozen bunks for beds, some perched high up towards the rafters, making it a marvel how the sleepers found their way thither. "Especially for single folk like mysel' that ha'e to spend the nicht here;" and he looked as if he had a thought of changing his condition. "I should ha'e been awa' at the hairst before noo," he added, "but I had to bide an' sort up the place."

"Do you like better the water or the land?" I asked.

With a little hesitation he answered:

"The land. But I like them baith fine—for a change. The water is a' we ha'e to gang to. And the line-fishing's clean deen. A man up-bye keeps tyavin' (struggling) awa' at it wi' his twa sons. There's nae ane else left in the Seaton, but a wheen salmon-fishers and farm-labourers."

To this condition had time and change in the methods of fishing brought the place whence the Finnan haddie drew its name and fame. Seaton of Findon could never have been a great seat of fishing industry. In 1790, as one learns from local records, there were four-and-twenty fishermen employed; and, curiously enough, in 1890, when its fortunes were already rapidly failing, there was exactly this number of hands engaged. At its best the little haven could have given accommodation to only a dozen boats or so. But in those days the landing-place under the cliffs must have been a sight worth seeing when the fleet arrived. I climbed up the lonely winding pathway to the scattered group of thatched cottages crowning the hill.

None of the familiar signs of the fishing village—creels and lines and bait-baskets and drying fish—were to be seen about the doors. But I was directed to the house of the "Last Fisher of Finnan," and soon was seated beside the peat fire chatting amicably with the guidwife, who did not, however, let our talk interrupt her work of preparing bait for the lines. It only needed a glance at her strong, wrinkled, brown hands, as they deftly scooped the limpet from its shell, to know that half or more of the fisher's toil is done by the Maggie Mucklebuckets on shore.

"Ay, we're no keepit like leddies," was my hostess's response to a remark of this kind. "Indoors and outdoors there's aye plenty to do. It's been hard wark and little for't this mony a day."

But the room did not bear traces of poverty. It was clean and spacious, and on the "baulks" was a goodly show of crockery.

"And the fish are hardly to be got; at least, not inshore and wi' the gear that oor folk have. The very mussels are



MRS. WOOD

growin' scarce," she added, pointing disdainfully to her limpet-bait. "It's a' they trawlers."

A little quiet questioning showed that there were other causes at work in bringing about the extinction of Findon.

"Our peat moss gaed deen; that was the beginning o't a'," for the Finnan peat, dug in the moss that was part of the heritage of the valiant Captain Dugald

Dalgety, of Drumthwackit, was supposed to give its own peculiar flavour to the Finnan haddie. "The auld Finnan folks

boats, employing some fifty or sixty men, used to crowd the deep and narrow gully.

The family deplored the absence of

fisher neighbours; they had no occupations or interests in common with the farm-labourers and salmon-fishers beside them. Apart from the exhaustion of the peat moss, the decay of Finnan was attributed to the more rigorous sanitary rules that interfered with the "middens" that fertilised their bits of croft land, to the absorption of these lands in neighbouring farms, and to the intolerable toil of carrying the "birns" of fish and



MISS WOOD

are a' rooted oot; they've flitted to Aberdeen or Stanehive (Stonehaven). I'm but an incomer mysel', and belong to Portlethen."

By-and-bye came an opportunity of talking to "Jeems" Wood himself, the Last Fisher of Finnan, as he sat "redding" the lines, while a comely lass, his daughter, who on occasion carries the creel with fish round the countryside, busied herself with the housework. Conversation, a little stiff at first, flowed freely when it turned on the vanished glories of the village. To the remark that if all the fisher folk had stayed in the place it might have grown into a considerable fishing town:

"Toon," said Jeems, "man, it would hae been a lairge ceety, lairger than Aberdeen!"

He remembered when the deep sea boats and three or four small haddock

lines up and down the cliff and the steep hill to the village. Bigger boats had to be built also, and these had to seek larger and better harbours, nearer the markets—Stonehaven, and, more especially, Aberdeen. Most difficult



THE HUNE

was the task of climbing down the almost perpendicular path and stair in the dark winter mornings with heavy loads of lines. When the steps were

too slippery with ice the fishermen would slide down the last half of the descent "on the broad of the back," checking their speed by means of the rope from the upper windlass used for hauling up the boat.

How came it, the old fisher was asked, that the "Finnan haddie" obtained the stamp of superior excellence above that caught at the neighbouring villages that fished the same banks? His opinion was that it was owing to the peculiar care taken by the Finnan folk in smoking their fish, using for the purpose only the top spit of the moss, which yielded a clean, turfy, fibrous kind of peat: this method gave a fragrance to the haddies quite different from the oily flavour imparted by black peat or sawdust smoke. Whatever the secret, there are few left who know or practise it. Yet a year or two, and the time may have come when these also will have to remove: and Finnan, when it wishes

yellow fish, will have to send to Aberdeen. These were melancholy reflections to carry with one over the bare moor, pitted with black bog-holes and sprinkled with white granite boulders, that hems in the Seaton of Findon. The bell-heather and the cotton-grass grow to the very edge of the cliffs, up which crawled the tempest-tossed St. Andrews bejants, and where many a gallant bark has gone to pieces. It was here, in the ledges of Earnheugh, that James the Sixth (who loved the sport of hawking) bred his peregrines; and near by, in 1580, a laird of Findon, who kept watch and ward over the nesting-places of the royal birds, was waylaid and slain by the Forbeses, a deed that gave rise to a sixty years' feud. Hawks and hawking; the old families and their family vendettas are "a' wede awa'" from the neighbourhood of Finnan; and the haddie will soon follow.



The Shooting-Seat.

A TRAGEDY IN TRIOLETS.

WRITTEN BY MARK THYME.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LADY NUGENT.



THERE was no one to see—but the sun—

As we sat on the same shooting-seat;

Round the corner was every gun.

There was no one to see—but the sun—

As I poured all my soul out to one.

Who could wish for a sweeter retreat?

There was no one to see—but the sun—

As we sat on the same shooting-seat.

But a splendid cock-pheasant
 flew by,
 And my lady fell prone on
 the grass.
 Like a glorious gleam in the
 sky,
 A splendid cock - pheasant
 flew by,
 And I leaped up and shot.
 That is why
 That terrible thing came
 to pass :
 A splendid cock - pheasant,
 flew by,
 And my lady fell prone
 on the grass.



Our engagement is ended,
 I fear :

She has left me with never
 a word.

Indeed, it is painfully clear
 Our engagement is ended, I
 fear :

I still have the shooting-seat
 here,

But I've missed both my
 love and the bird.

Our engagement is ended, I
 fear :

She has left me with never
 a word.

Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

PRINCE RANJICATTERJEE'S VENGEANCE.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.

CHAPTER I.

LORD and Lady Wycombe had been dining with me. They were new friends, or, to speak quite accurately, new acquaintance, for I never regard as my friend any man I have not known ten years. I have calculated to a nicety that period as being essential to sufficient oxidation of the social polish to enable one to judge of what metal a man is made.

Lord Wycombe had no social polish whatsoever. In dealing with him you at no time saw yourself brilliantly or flatteringly reflected. He was not even nickel-plated. He was pewter right through—from the mugginess of his outer person to the inner recesses of that purely physiological contrivance which served him for a heart. Indeed, I used to wonder by what manner of means its valves worked. Without doubt, they worked stiffly and occasionally “clicked.”

The Wycombes were in my neighbourhood for the first time since their marriage, and for the first time since that ceremony were dining with me. I had ceased long before this to speculate as to why women marry particular men, or why men marry particular women. When the Powers had fashioned our world, they detected in it the possibilities of an Eden. This being not at all their intention, they inspired man with the fatal expedient of marriage, whereby he should make the one act of his life into which he would inevitably crowd the greatest measure of folly—irrevocable, and Eden has since translated itself to some remote and inaccessible region of space.

The Wycombes were a signal example of the human discord tethered fast and for all time with lawyer's tape. After she had left us that evening we remained

long over our wine. Or, rather, he did: for I, with marked intention, sat with an empty glass before me.

Suddenly he broke out brutally: “You wouldn't suspect that woman of being a common thief!” His face was flushed, his hand unsteady. Before we began dinner he had already taken his quantum of wine.

We had been speaking of his wife. I could not pretend ignorance of that he meant.

“Nobody would suspect Lady Wycombe of any more serious crime than that of breaking hearts,” I answered tritely.

“Ah! These lovely creatures have a dashed sight more original sin in 'em than most people give 'em credit for. But I'm no fool. Never was. Before I was twenty I could give you most women's price—and calculated fine at that, even to the farthings.”

“I believe I could have done the same—though I will not answer for the farthings—at the same age,” I said. “Ten years later I was not quite so sure of my arithmetic. Now I have given up the practice altogether. To find the unknown quantity one requires certain data, and the difficulty of finding the difference between these in different women makes the calculation altogether too fatiguing, especially as it is pretty sure to come out wrong in the end.”

“Ah, you price 'em too high, I expect,” he said knowingly. “Now I never suffered from that.” He poured himself another glass of port. “Good wine,” he commented.

“And so you wouldn't suspect her charming ladyship of being a common thief. Now you're fond of stories, I hear——”

I pushed my plate of nutshells noisily before me. The pallid misery of a beautiful face was beside me again as it had been during dinner. I thought of her sitting upstairs alone but for

"though she thinks I do." (I remembered the haunting appeal her eyes had sent him over my shoulder as I held the door for her.) "You've got to keep the whip-

hand of a woman—when she don't care about you. If it wasn't for that little slip of hers she'd be always on a pedestal, and out of reach. And she'd never have been Lady Wycombe," he added, with an ugly look.

"Pooh!" I protested again; "if it is so long ago as that let it rest. Don't rake up an old story. You would be sorry for it to-morrow."

He struck his fist on the table. It rattled with a pewter ring.

"Damn her!" he cried. "I'll take the airs out of her. She don't talk to me



"THE APPEAL HER EYES HAD SENT HIM"

some grief that was sapping her life, while we men laid bare her sorrows over a bottle of port.

I rose. "Lady Wycombe is by herself," I said. "We must not leave her longer."

He stared. Then he filled his glass again. "By your leave," he laughed, "we'll finish this excellent bottle."

I had no alternative but to sit down again.

"I don't tell everyone," he began,

and look at me like she did with you to-night."

The brute was jealous. Heavens! And we had only been discussing some sanitary alterations she was planning for her cottagers, with a little hopeful eagerness.

"She was a Wells," he persisted, "a

familly of handsome girls with a gambling father. I was easy with him. He got more and more in my debt. I wanted her: she was the best-looking of 'em. But there was another man—some poor beggar of a diplomat—and she wouldn't look at me. I talked straight to Wells. I said, 'Look here, you know, she's got to have me or ——' well, he was mortgaged up to the hilt, and I was mortgaged. 'Well,' I said, 'you must talk it over with her.' I was fond of her—I'm fond of her now,' he interjected with bloodshot eyes." After a pause, during which he rolled my wine appreciatively on his tongue, he continued: "I knew how women sell their souls for diamonds. I sent her a magnificent necklace—a thing I'd picked up somewhere in the East"—he was silent for some minutes—"never seen such a thing," he resumed abruptly, "a rope of diamonds as big as beans, splendidly cut, and each set in the centre of four gold petals. It must have been worth at least ten thousand pounds. 'Put it round her neck,' I said, 'and take her to the glass, and tell her while she's admiring herself.' Well, I never saw the necklace again. Wells turned up next day with a long face, and the case, said he was deucedly sorry, but Miss Aline declined me at any price. Supposed things must take their course. I locked the case in my strong-room, like a fool, without looking at it. I instructed my lawyers. Just then, as luck would have it, somebody left the Wells a fortune, and I was paid in full. Wells sent a cheque and mentioned incidentally that Aline was shortly to marry her beggar. Now I might never have opened the necklace-case from that day to this, because I was not at all set on marrying, and Aline had given me a dose; but three days before that fixed for her wedding

something made me go to the safe and open the case."

"Well?" I questioned eagerly.

He tossed down the last glass of port. He turned his hot eyes on me. "So you're interested?" he said.

I made an effort. I rose. "I think we have finished our wine. Let us go upstairs."

He put a purple hand on mine. "By heaven," he cried, "you shall hear me out. When I opened the case——" he burst into a rough laugh. "What a fool I might have been: in two days she would have married the other man—when I opened the case——"

"There was nothing there," I broke in, and could immediately have bitten my tongue out.

"Oh, she was not so fresh," he said. "There was a string of metal beads with a brass enamelled clasp—worth, I should say, some couple of shillings—but heavy enough and capable of rattling so that the fraud might have been long undetected."

"Of course, it occurred to you her father took them?"

"I cleared that up. He wasn't that kind of man. He was dumbfounded. There was no mistake about it. He was like a madman. Offered to sell all he had to keep it quiet. Aline had taken charge of them that night."

"Where did she put them?"

"Locked the case up, so she said, with her other things. Took it out next morning and handed it to her father. She had guilt all over her when I confronted her. She didn't marry the beggar."

"Why did you marry her after such ——"

"Oh, I had never supposed her an angel," he said, coarsely, "and I wanted her."

CHAPTER II.

I WAS calling on Lady Wycombe. I had been able to give her some hints as to the new plans. When that look of fixed misery slipped out of her face she was a lovely woman. As I was leaving her manner changed. She hesitated. The hand in mine trembled. She raised a pair of appealing eyes.

"Lord Syfret," she said, "Henry has told me your kind—most chivalrous intention. I cannot thank you enough,

but, believe me, the very greatest kindness you can do me is to let the matter rest. It is five years, and, Heaven knows, I have suffered enough."

"Lord Wycombe should not have mentioned it. I asked him particularly not to do so. Only if I discovered the real culprit——"

She shrank before me. A hot flush rose in her cheeks.

"You believe me innocent?"

"The question needs no answer."

She dropped into a chair and covered her face with her hands. "For Heaven's sake, if you know what pity is, let the matter rest. Even should you clear me——" She broke off abruptly. Her manner made it evident that she knew something. "Even should you clear me——" I finished the sentence: "You would inculpate someone dearer." I do not approve of scapegoats, howsoever willing. Let each man take the blame due to him. "Lady Wycombe," I objected, "you know my hobby. You must please permit me to ride it on this occasion. I give you my word that should I discover anything—a remote possibility—I will not move a step nor say a word without first consulting you."

"Thank you," she faltered, "but your greatest kindness would be to discover nothing."

"Have you the metal beads?"

She lifted her head out of her hands.

"I have never seen them," she said simply.

Then perceiving the significance of her admission, "Please, please," she entreated, "let the matter rest; I can bear the blame."

On the stairs I met Wycombe. He scowled under his shaggy brows. He was jealous of any man who lifted hat to her.

"By-the-bye," I said coolly, "do you happen to have those metal beads you spoke of?"

"What the deuce should I keep such rubbish for?" he blurted bluntly. "I flung them out of window."

"Then you acted like a fool," I said as bluntly; "they were the chief clue to the thief."

Two days later I opened my *Times* with interest. I turned to the advertisement sheet. "I hope it has a prominent place," I reflected.

It had, and read as follows: "*A Thousand Pounds Reward*.—Anybody giving information which shall lead to the recovery of a certain diamond necklace of unique pattern, consisting of thirty-four large diamonds—each set in the centre of four beautifully-wrought gold petals, shall receive the above reward. Apply, &c."

And below this, another: "*Ten Pounds Reward*.—Any person who picked up, or has knowledge that will lead to the recovery of, a string of

metal beads lost outside a house in Eaton Square on or about the 10th of April, 1883, shall receive, on proving it to be the same, the above sum. Apply, &c."

"Now for bogus applicants," I mused, when I had found the advertisement duly published in the half-dozen papers to which I had ordered it to be sent. Then, "Good heavens!" I ejaculated. For immediately below my second advertisement I found the following: "*Four Thousands Pound Rewards* shall be given to any mans informing news to discover a diamond necklace composing of thirty-eight beautifully cut diamond dewes dropped in richly embossed golden tulip-flowers with four leaved. To be communicated with Somers, Grand Hotel, between ten and four."

Below this still another: "*Four Thousands Pound Rewards* shall be given to any mans informing news to discover a string of thirty-eight large beads in bluish-greys metal with octagonal clasp of gold enamel. To be communicated with Somers, Grand Hotel, between ten and four."

These advertisements I found in four of the papers in which mine appeared. I further learned that both had appeared every morning for the preceding week.

"So," I remonstrated with Wycombe on meeting him later at the club, "you have taken that matter of the diamonds out of my hands?"

He stared. "I am a little curious to know why you did not put your advertisement into intelligible English. Or were you the victim of an unlettered printer?"

"Perhaps you will explain what you are talking about," he said.

I took him to the reading-room. I showed him the advertisements. "Good Lord," he broke out, "why it's my necklace. The description is exact."

He assured me he had nothing to do with the advertisements. He had come to his conclusions long before. I thought he looked perturbed. He begged me to let the matter drop. But the chase had grown exciting. I took my hat. I jumped into a hansom, and was soon at the Grand Hotel. It was within seven minutes of four as I drove up.

"Is Mr. Somers in?" I inquired of the porter.

"Is it the advertisement, sir?"

"Yes"

"Ah, that's Prince Ranjichatterjee."

A little man with long white beard and Hebrew features slipped something out of his eager dirty fingers into those of the porter.

"Remember I wash firsh," he whispered. The coin was small. I cast a calculating eye over the shabby Jew. Sixpence I decided. I put a half-crown into the porter's other hand.

The Prince was in, I believed, giving him my card.

"This gentleman was first, my lord," the man responded, firmly, and passed the dirty Hebrew on to a page-boy.

"I am afraid your lordship is too late for his Highness," he added, civilly. "He sees nobody after four; and to-day's the last day. There's been about three hundred people to see him already." He tested between his teeth the coin the Jew had given him. It was a half-sovereign. I anathematised myself for a fool; Jews are not stingy when four thousand pounds are in the running. At that moment the Jew came hurrying back. His face was crest-fallen. The boy behind him grinned wide-mouthed. The Jew darted at the porter.

"Gif me back my 'alf soferings. The Prince not see me," he shrieked. The porter gazed benignly and unconsciously upon him from a height of six feet two.

"No, sir," he said, indulgently. "No ole cles to-day."

The clock marked three minutes to the hour. "Take me to the Prince," I insisted.

There was some demur at the door. Then my card was sent in, and after a minute I was admitted to a room which had been Orientalised so far as were possible to a room in a London hotel. Divans and couches draped with magnificent rugs and luxuriously cushioned took the place of chairs. Hanging lanterns curiously wrought, and with panels of rich glass, shed a dim light. There was a heavy aromatic odour on the air.

In the middle of the room, with a table before him, sat a lithe, eager-looking man—a Hindoo. His eyes flashed toward me like two lamps. He returned my bow without rising, and waited for me to speak. Behind his chair four men stood like sombre shadows.

"I have the pleasure to address His Highness Prince Ranjichatterjee?" I began. He bowed again.

"You advertised I believe——"

The Prince extended a finger with a curious gliding stealth. Not a muscle of his face moved. I heard the distant "ting" of a bell. Immediately four other shadows seemed to start up from the floor noiselessly and like inanimate things. Two of them took up their stations at opposite doors of the room, at the same time folding the heavy wadded portieres well over these. I felt two steal up close behind me. Instinctively I had ceased speaking.

"I advertised——" the Prince suggested with a sinuous bend of his dark head.

"You advertised with regard to a diamond necklace. I also am seeking a diamond necklace——"

"You have lost a diamond necklace?" the Prince insinuated. I nodded. It was sufficient for his purpose.

His eyes emitted light. "The necklace I have seeking," he said, softly, "is unquittous. It do be consisting of thirty-eight diamonds."

"Ah!" I said, "the one I mean had only thirty-four."

He seemed taken aback.

Then a wily look stole into his face.

"It is not difficult to subtract four diamonds from thirty-eight."

"So then," I said, "you lost it first?"

He fixed his eyes expressionlessly on me. I felt the steamy breath of the men behind me unpleasantly hot on my neck.

Then the Prince observed suavely:

"In a world where the lady is half people, there is many necklaces."

"That is true, of course," I admitted, "but your necklace was composed of diamonds set in the centre of golden tulips, golden tulips with four leaves?"

"Tulips has five," he said, simply. "It be a mistake. The jeweller was his head chopped off." There was quite a sweet smile on his face as at the recollection of something delectable.

"Good gracious! is that how you do things?"

"We do things, so there is no more talk," he purred.

"Well, sir," I went on, "I should think there is not much doubt about it that your necklace and my necklace are one and the same. The four-leaved tulip settles it. There would not be two necklaces of so curious a pattern."

His face paled. His eyes seemed to go out.

"No," he said, almost inaudibly, "it



"BUT SHE WITHHELD HIM"

was my idea. She was the lovely dew-drop, the petals of my heart to enfold her."

"How did you lose it?" I questioned.

His eyes lit up again. His face got colour. He made a little motion with his hand.

"That you will tell me," he said, blandly.

Before I knew where I was I found myself gagged, upon my knees, with four men standing over me, and round my throat by some mysterious means, a bow-string drawn sufficiently tight to be somewhat more than an unpleasant hint.

CHAPTER III.

IT sounds like a bit from an "Arabian Nights." At the moment, even above the consciousness that my life was not worth a minute's purchase—for there was no mistaking the grim sincerity of the Prince's face, nor the strictly business intention of the men about me—even at that moment I was conscious of a sense of the ludicrous. But there is an ugly feel about a bow-string, and the irrelevancy between it and my Bond Street collar soon ceased to amuse.

The Prince rose and came toward me noiselessly across the richly-carpeted floor. He spat before me. He struck me with a womanish feeble spitefulness on either cheek. Then he rubbed his long dark hands exultantly.

"So I be found you at last!" he said, with an evil chuckle. "I be found you at last, you robber of women."

His mood changed. He flung himself prone on the floor. He moaned, and writhed, and beat his clenched fists against the carpet. He struck his brows. "She is gone," he cried passionately, "my dewdrop, my pearl, my moon of the heavens. She is gone, and only it be with me to vengeance."

He continued in the same strain for some minutes, but the remainder of his lament was Hindi and unintelligible. He sobbed and gasped as though he had been a fractious child.

A woman stole in through a lifted curtain—a woman like a tawny tiger-lily, with wide full eyes deep-fringed and liquid, and a mouth like a scarlet flower. She glanced contemptuously at his grovelling figure, then moved toward it with the undulance of flowing water. She laid an ivory hand on either of his shoulders, and spoke to him in a foreign tongue. He rose with an abashed look; then, his eyes lighting on me, he made as if to renew his childish assault. But she withheld him, motioning him with a flash of her tropical eyes to his seat at the table. She took up

her place beside him, and for the first time, so far as I had seen, though I was aware she was conscious all the while of my presence, her dark glance fell on me. It was a long penetrating glance, and seemed to search my very soul. Then she stooped and whispered the Prince. He made a motion of his hand. The gag was removed from my mouth at the same time that one of the fellows beside me gave a warning tug to the string about my throat.

After a moment the Prince demanded in a voice of concentrated fury: "Was it from her you got the necklace?"

I shook my head. "The necklace has never been in my possession," I said. "You are making a mistake."

"Yet you have confessed you lost it," he insisted furiously.

"I have never seen it. I am seeking it for a friend who lost it five years since."

He scrutinised me fiercely. "Have you been once in Calcutta?"

"Never."

"Do you swear?"

"I swear."

The woman touched him questioningly on the shoulder. He evidently interpreted my words to her, for she scanned me narrowly. Then she stretched her hand toward the table. A bell "tinged." Immediately a swarthy negro entered. She directed his attention to me. He shook his head violently, mumbling something. He came towards me and carefully examined my face. Then he spread his hands with an emphatic repudiation, shook his head, and mumbled again. A question being put to him again, he shook his head. The Prince dismissed him. Then turning on me he demanded with sullen balked anger, "Who is your friend?"

"That," I said, feeling my tongue somewhat dry in my mouth, "I am not at liberty to tell."

A minute later I did, however. And

let any man feel his brain full and throbbing fit to burst with black blood, and his eyeballs force themselves between his lids like peas out of a pod, and I imagine he would have done the same. After all, I was not bound to take on myself Wycombe's responsibilities, supposing him to have incurred any in the affair, a suspicion I had no reason for entertaining. Certainly I did not suspect him of stealing diamonds; and in any case he need not be fool enough to put his head into such a noose as I had done. They slackened the string and dashed water into my face. After a time I got breath, and told what I knew of the matter. I was compelled to point out Wycombe's name in a *Peerage* which they laid before me. The Prince put an ominous angry-looking cross in red ink against it.

"And the lady?" he said.

He made a gesture of inquiry towards the face of the woman beside him.

"No," I said; "she is an English-woman. She has never been to India. My friend had the necklace before he knew her."

"Among the women of his house is there a lady of my race?"

I could hardly remain serious. The notion of Lady Wycombe harbouring such a rival beneath her roof was so preposterous.

"My friend bought the necklace," I insisted. "A man of his wealth and position does not steal diamonds."

"Nor women?" he questioned, with an evil look.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Lord Wycombe assures me he bought the jewels in Calcutta. I have no doubt he will give you the name of the man from whom he bought them."

He motioned one of the men behind him. "Bring Lord Weekam here," he said imperiously. The man moved to the door.

"Prince Ranjichatterjee," I said, "you are, maybe, a powerful prince in your own country, and accustomed to be obeyed. But in England men do not go hither and thither at another man's

word. I warn you Lord Wycombe will not come."

He started up with clenched hands. "I shall make him!" he cried shrilly.

The woman cast some contemptuous epithet at him. With a spasm of uncontrollable rage he motioned one of the guards towards her. The man took two steps forward. She laid her scarlet lips back over her gleaming teeth, and pointed him with a scornful finger to his place again. Then she spoke low in the Prince's ear.

"Will you send a letter to your friend, asking he comes?" he demanded, petulantly.

"No," I replied, "I do not like your way of treating your guests."

Livid with rage, he interpreted my answer to her. I thought she glanced towards me with the suspicion of a smile. She addressed me, but her words were unintelligible. I bowed and shook my head.

"What will you do?" the Prince interpreted.

"I will do what I can to bring my friend here to-morrow," I replied.

"Do you swear by your God?"

"If you insist on it," I said. "I cannot be sure he will come, but I will do my best."

"And the lady?" he questioned, with flaring eyes.

"No," I said, "not the lady; she has nothing to do with it."

He lost his temper again. He could not tolerate the slightest check. Again the woman soothed him. I was sworn by half-a-dozen oaths to secrecy as to that which had occurred. I was put upon my honour. Then the bow-string was slipped up over my chin, with permission to leave.

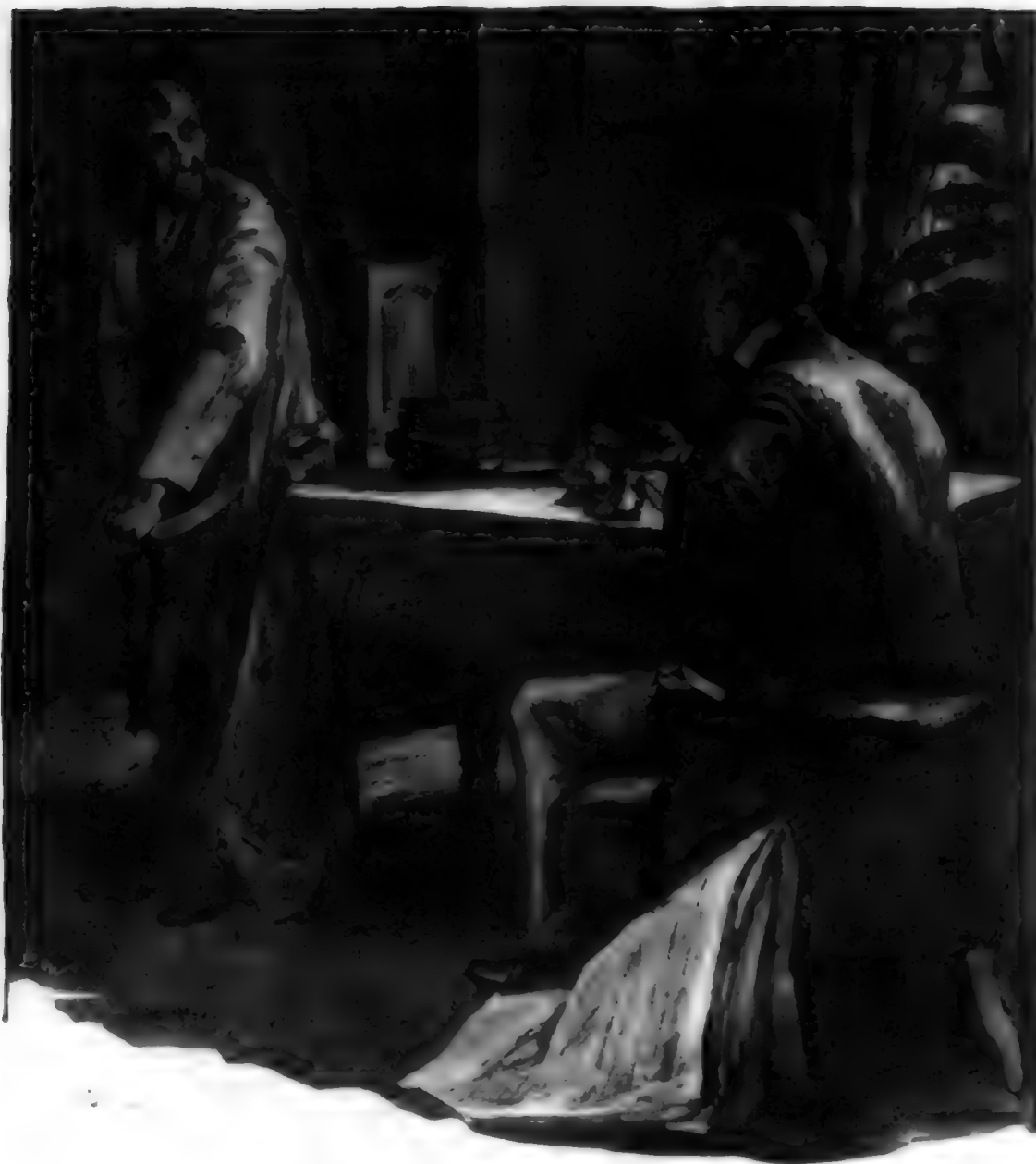
As I took myself down the hotel steps, where the Jew stood expostulating still with the blandly dissenting porter, I congratulated myself on an adventure the recollection of which would preserve me from boredom for many a long day, though all round my neck was a girdle of raw skin which my collar unpleasantly rasped.

CHAPTER IV.

"RANJICATTERJEE!—the devil!" Wycombe ejaculated, with a curious change of expression.

"A near relative, assuredly," I agreed.

Why did his lips blanch? He lost his accustomed bluster. There was a strange, sudden stillness about him, as of a man meeting his fate.



"WHAT ARE THEY MADE OF?"

He saw my eyes on him. "I hate these Hindoo fellows," he blurted, drawing in his breath.

"You need only give him the name of the jeweller," I said.

"Oh! the name of the jeweller," he echoed stupidly. His mind was very much elsewhere.

He broke out suddenly: "Why the devil did you ever go into the thing at all? See what you've done, with your confounded meddling."

"Plainly," I said, "the necklace had a history before it came into Lady Wycombe's hands."

"I did as much for her as anybody would have done," he cried. "I didn't want her wretched necklace. I told her to take it with her."

"The jeweller's name is by no means all the information you will be able to give his Highness," I said, drily.

"His Highness will whistle a cursed time," he said, with that same stillness about him, "before he makes my acquaintance."

"Who was she?" I inquired.

"Oh, you can have the whole story. She was one of his—wives. The harem garden overlooked mine. She was a soft little creature, with eyes like moons and a little red mouth no good for anything but kissing—the kind a man gets tired of in a week. Of course, I got tired of her—dead, dead sick of her. But what could I do? She crept in one night with her hands running blood. He'd found out something, and, in a rage, had her

wretched little thumbs cut off. Of course, I had to take her in. There was a tremendous hue-and-cry. He's a great man out there, and she was his favourite wife. I kept her hidden as long as I was in Calcutta, and brought her as far as Bombay when I left. I couldn't bring her to England."

"What did you do with her?"

"I didn't do anything. I gave her money."

"She couldn't work without thumbs, poor creature."

"Oh, she couldn't work," he said. "Women like that don't work. I gave her money. She was pretty."

"And the necklace?"

For a time he would not speak. Then he said suddenly: "Oh, have the whole story if you like. She was a little fool. The night before I left she found she wasn't coming. She crept in and kissed my feet and hands and cried, and bent her head before me—the women there have different ways from our women, goodness knows—and next day I found she'd left her confounded necklace round my throat. I tried to trace her."

"Did she take the money?"

He got up blustering: "What the deuce does it matter. She would have if she'd had a grain of sense."

"Well," I said, "I don't think I should have mixed up a necklace with a history like that, in a love affair of any importance."

Later on he came to me with a sick face. "I'm off to Paris to-night. There's a beast of an Indian been following me about all day. These fellows stick at nothing. My life was attempted in Madras. Why the deuce did you rake up the affair again?"

"Why the deuce," I answered, "did you not tell me the truth in the beginning? Then I should have known there was excellent reason for letting it rest."

I called, next morning at the Grand.

"No, thank you," I responded to the porter's invitation to walk upstairs; "I will see his Highness in the public drawing-room."

I adjusted my shirt collar. That galled furrow round my throat rode on the edge of it as martyrs are said to have ridden on ploughshares. I chose a recess in which we might talk unobserved. The Prince came in presently, glancing about him with a haughty intolerance as though he expected the

several occupants of the room to salaam, and abjectly retire.

"So your friend—he sail away," he began maliciously.

"My friend had business which deprived him of the pleasure of meeting you this morning," I returned, with an uncomfortable sense that Wycombe had by no means got out of the wood when he booked for Paris.

"What he do with her?" he demanded feverishly.

I declined to say anything. I had no personal knowledge of the affair.

"I make him tell," he said with evil eyes.

I warned him that should anything happen to Wycombe, suspicion would fall on him.

"Pooh!" he said, "you have to prove. I no fool."

"By-the-bye," I urged, "I see you advertise for a string of metal beads, and strangely enough offer as large a reward for these as you do for the diamonds. What do you know about the metal beads?"

He scanned me curiously. Then he said with a significant smile: "Weekam, he shall tell you."

For the first time I felt a suspicion of Wycombe's good faith in the matter. Next morning I received a note from Lady Wycombe:

Dear Lord Syfret,—I shall be glad of your advice. Lord Wycombe is away. For the last few days the house has been watched and I have been followed by some curious-looking foreigners. As I left the carriage two evenings ago, one put his face close up to mine, examining me as if for some purpose, and my maid last night found my bedroom door locked. She ran downstairs for help, and on returning she and some of the men found my jewels lying about the room. Nothing had been stolen—I suppose the thieves were frightened and left hurriedly.

I drove at once to Piccadilly. The house was in the hands of the police. Lady Wycombe looked very much alarmed. She held an open letter in her hand. "It is strange," she said, "but they write from the Towers (the Wycombe's country house) that similar dark foreigners have been haunting the place, peering inquisitively into the women-servants' faces, and asking questions in the village."

"Heavens!" thought I, "I have indeed brought a hornet's nest about my friends."

I reassured her, at the same time keeping my own counsel. I knew well enough no danger threatened her. They were but seeking the Hindoo woman and the necklace. I called again next morning. I was shown into Wycombe's library. "I will tell her ladyship," the footman said. Then he blurted an apology, for her ladyship was already there—her ladyship confronting a tall distinguished-looking man, who stood over her with angry eyes.

"And you dismissed me on so pitiful a lie!" I heard him say as the door opened.

I had met the man some evenings earlier at a reception given by one of the Embassies. He had but lately returned from abroad. In a moment I made up my mind that this was the "beggary diplomat" Lady Wycombe had been within three days of marrying.

We exchanged bows. "Lord Syfret," he said at once, "I hear from Lady Wycombe that you are moving in the matter of a certain diamond necklace. I shall be infinitely obliged if you will transfer the matter to me. I have good right indeed, for it appears I am under suspicion of having stolen it."

She made a gesture of protest.

"Oh, how cruel you are!" she cried, under her breath. "I have never said a word."

"It should give you some pleasure," I said, formally, "to take the suspicion on yourself. Lady Wycombe has borne it long enough."

"Lady Wycombe," he echoed. "Aline, has anybody dared——"

She burst out in tears.

He bent above her prone head. "That, then," he said, tenderly, "is the reason for your miserable face?"

"No, no," she whispered. "I could have borne that if—if I could have kept my faith in you."

"And this is a woman's faith," he said, bitterly, "to take the man she was within a few hours of marrying for a common thief—to dismiss him without a chance of clearing himself, and to marry another man within six weeks."

"What could I do?" she faltered. "You were with me that evening. You

unclasped the necklace with your own hands and put it in the case. The case was returned to Lord Wycombe next day. Father himself returned it. When Lord Wycombe opened it there was nothing but a string of beads. He threatened proceedings. I knew you were poor. Forgive me—oh, forgive me—I thought it would be discovered, and I—I married him."

"It was a trick on his part"—he began.

"I think not," I said. "Wycombe was certainly sincere about it. He believes honestly to this day that Lady Wycombe stole the jewels. The mystery goes deeper than that."

I took him aside. I told him all the circumstances.

"Why did Ranjichatterjee advertise for a string of metal beads in connection with the diamonds?" I asked.

"We will find out from himself," he said.

But the Prince had only a tissue of Oriental lies to tell us.

"The diamonds, they was charmed," he said, turning his wily looks from one to the other of us. "On the throat of the disloyal wife the dew-drops be lose their crystal lustre and become as mere dross till they be charmed again. The *yogi* jeweller I threaten him with death if he make me not such a necklace, so I keep my women's hearts my own. Seven times the charm it worked, and seven times I rid the world of the disloyal wives."

"He is only laughing at us with his *yogi* rubbish," Redvers said, indignantly.

"Your friend, Lord Wycombe, be he well?" Ranjichatterjee queried, guilelessly, as we departed.

But it appeared our friend, Lord Wycombe, was not well, for Lady Wycombe met us with a telegram.

"Henry is very ill," she said. "I am starting immediately for Paris."

I travelled with her, leaving Ranjichatterjee to Redvers.

But we were too late: Lord Wycombe had been found dead in his room that morning, from what cause was never discovered. There was evidence neither of violence nor poison. Redvers and I kept our suspicions to ourselves, for Ranjichatterjee disappeared within ten minutes of our leaving him.

CHAPTER V.

IT will be remembered that in advertising I offered a reward of ten pounds for a certain string of metal beads which could be proven to have been picked up in Eaton Square on or about a certain date—the date on which Wycombe had furiously flung it from his window. I had begun to doubt his good faith in the matter, when one morning there was

"The rewardish was not enough to pay a toiler for ish trouble," he retorted, slily.

"You thought the fool who offered a reward so large for a thing so worthless must require it badly, and would offer more?" I said.

He grinned. I was evidently a person of intelligence. "Oh, they are very good



"INSTANTLY THERE WAS A DAZZLE OF LIGHT"

ushered into my room the little old Jew I had previously encountered at the Grand Hotel. I recognised him in a moment.

"There wash ten guineas offered in reward for a shtring of beads?" he began.

"Ten pounds."

"Oh, shay ten guineas for a poor ole man," he insinuated, with a detestable leer.

"Not a penny more than I have said. Why did you not come before?"

beadsh," he said, heartily. "My little grandschild—my dear little grandschild pick them up in Eaton Shquare. I take great care of them since."

"I suppose round the grandchild's neck," I said.

"What it matter?" he replied, distinctly abashed. "It do no harm if she wears them shjust a little. She very careful."

"Where are they?"

He produced cautiously from the shabbiest of leathern bags a paper parcel,

which, unfolded, proved to contain a string of blue-grey beads of a curious metallic lustre. I counted them. There were thirty-four. I thought them strangely heavy.

"What are they made of?" I inquired.

"Foreign metal," he said; "very good foreign metal. I do not know."

"You will have to prove your granddaughter picked them up in Eaton Square on or about the date specified."

"Yes, I shée her," he said glibly, "and my wife she shée her."

"Ah," I said, "I shall want some other evidence than that."

He burst into tears. He protested that his word was as the Gospel. I had been mechanically slipping the beads from one hand to the other. Suddenly I dropped them into my pocket. I took ten pounds from my desk. "Well," I said, "I will take your word for it. I believe these are the beads." I put the note into his dirty hands.

He looked up cunningly into my face. "You very glad," he said; "your hand shake bad—your voice change. Gif poor man some more—a little more because he take such very good care of that you prize so much."

"Not a cent," I protested, controlling my voice; "but if you send your grand-

child here to-morrow I will give her a five-pound note for herself."

Lady Wycombe and Redvers were to be married the following day. Her year of conventional mourning was up.

"Let me present you with a second wedding-present," I said nonchalantly, calling on her that evening. Redvers was on the point of bidding her good-night.

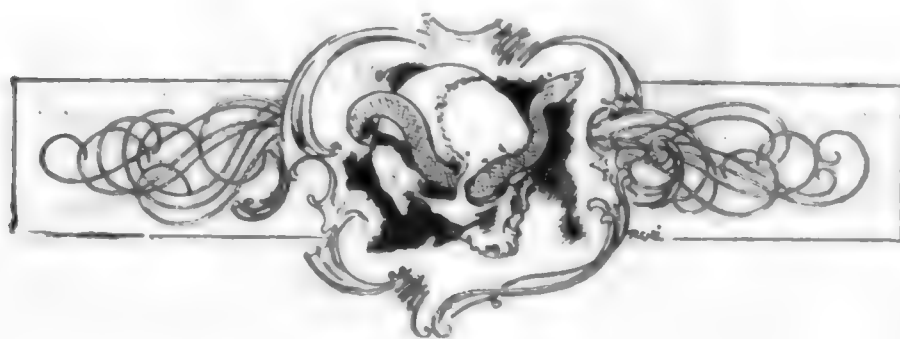
"What trick or double-dyed generosity is this?" he asked. He was looking well pleased into her lovely eyes. Then—

"Good heavens, Syfret! why don't you let that story drop. One is weary of the name of metal beads."

"Permit me," I said. I clasped them round her throat. In doing so I pressed a spring in the enamelled clasp.

Instantly there was a dazzle of light. The soft electric lamps sent sudden challenging and interchanging gleams across the room to where a focus of prismatic radiance played in parti-coloured flame about her. For her throat was strung by a string of four-leaved golden tulips, and from the yellow cup of each a magnificent diamond blazed.

Ranjichatterjee's *yogi* jeweller had practised a slight deception on his princely master.



From Generation to Generation.

THE HOUSE OF NORFOLK.—FIRST PART.



THE FIRST DUKE



WIFE OF FIRST DUKE



WIFE OF THE SECOND DUKE



THE SECOND DUKE

THE LUDGATE



WIFE OF THE THIRD DUKE



THE THIRD DUKE



SECOND WIFE OF THE FOURTH DUKE



THE FOURTH DUKE



THE WIFE OF THE FIFTH DUKE



THE FIFTH DUKE



THE SIXTH DUKE AND HIS WIFE

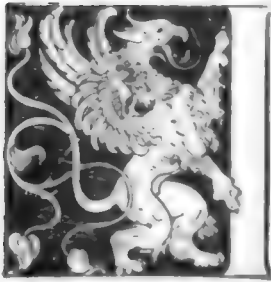


THE SEVENTH DUKE

The Play's the Thing.

WRITTEN BY PHILIP HANSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY O. ECKHARDT.



I was in the smoking-room, about half-past twelve, and the talk had glided from Chitral to Buddhism, and from Buddhism to female lecturers and the higher education and its effects on Woman: and then the all-important transition was made from the singular to the plural, and we all with one accord began telling stories. A young man of a sallow complexion, who smoked very hard and wore a cynical head of hair, quoted: "But every woman is at heart a rake." Nowadays a quotation, especially such a hackneyed quotation as that, has much the same effect as a pun; it makes a ghastly pause of suppressed indignation. The silence was broken by an elderly man with an aspect of experience and a waist visibly on the increase. He said:—

"Now, if you'll excuse my saying it, I don't think there's any line in the language that contains as much falsehood as that one." (General murmur of gratified assent; subdued snort of incredulity from the cynic. The speaker proceeded undisturbed): "I think the extraordinary thing about women is how they all love respectability for its own sake, and how even those who have never known it, and wouldn't be happy or comfortable with it at all, yet admire it and make little attempts to get inside. If a man keeps respectable it's generally because it pays; and if he's born a Bohemian he stays so, and is perfectly happy about it; but that's not so with a woman. Now I'll tell you a rather curious thing that happened to a woman I knew.

"It's a good many years ago now that I was in Jonesborough, one of those towns over in the States where they found the oil. They had just lately found it then, and Jonesborough was seeing some peculiar changes. It had

been a quiet little country town before, with a strong Presbyterian flavour; but the oil brought crowds of people to the place, and most of them were not very Presbyterian. They do things quick over there, and a few weeks saw a newspaper and a theatre and half-a-dozen saloons in full swing. Then there were two societies in Jonesborough, the sheep and the goats, and the line was drawn pretty sharply between them. I belonged in a manner to both, however, for my rich American maiden aunt, with whom I was staying, was one of the whitest in the flock, while my own preferences were rather the other way. My aunt showed herself very tolerant to me, partly because she was fond of me, and partly because she thought all Englishmen were rather dissipated, and she knew that Jonesborough, so far as it was strictly orthodox, was rather dull—though she did not know how dull. So I mixed with both kinds pretty freely, and found the comparison interesting.

"In the course of my researches I struck up rather a friendship with Miss Elsie Neville, the star actress at the new theatre. I forget who introduced us, but I know he got my name wrong, and that the lady, in remarking upon the blunder, casually mentioned that she didn't know his. It was at a late period of the evening, at supper after the theatre, and these minutiae seem very insignificant then. We had a long talk, somewhat to the discomposure of one or two other men who were hanging about; and I had the privilege of escorting her to her rooms—ten minutes' walk. She was very pretty and rather witty, and her manners were good—singularly quiet for an actress. What her real character was I don't know to this day; modesty I'm sure she had, plenty of it, but she was the star actress in a third-rate travelling company, and what do you expect? She had certainly rather a reckless way of going for whatever came in her head, but I don't think anything very wicked ever



"WE SHOOK HANDS IN THE CORNER"

came there. Most women are a bundle of contradictions, and so was she.

"She seemed to prefer my company to that of the other men who hung about her, and I was naturally pleased with her good taste; so I became a regular attendant at the theatre and at the little suppers afterwards. Once or twice I asked her to go out driving with me in the afternoon, but she always refused. She spent her afternoons, she said, in study. Certainly she was never seen by any of her acquaintance during the day-time. No one was ever intimate with her; no one even pretended to be, which is very rare with an actress. I could never get beyond a certain point, and probably it was that which made me go on trying for three weeks.

"At the end of three weeks I happened to wake one morning rather early; and that, as you know, is apt to lead to reflection. If middle-aged men

could manage to sleep in the morning they would never grow old. The upshot of my reflections was that I had perhaps wasted enough time on Miss Elsie Neville; that I would mend my ways; and that I would make a beginning by not going to the theatre that day.

"At breakfast my aunt asked me, with some hesitation, to pay a call with her on her pastor. The hesitation smote my conscience, and the suggestion seemed to fit in with my schemes of reform; and I consented with something like enthusiasm. We went.

"It was a big gathering. The peculiarity of Presbyterians and such people is that not only old women go to pay religious calls on the parson, but young men and young women too. Some of the young women were decidedly pretty, and I noticed with gratification that during tea-time—they had a long prayer

before afternoon tea, and we all knelt down and poked our noses into chairs; you know the attitude: looks as if you were putting yourself into position for being kicked—during tea-time, when everyone was talking parish scandal with the true ecclesiastical tea-party relish, the young men and the young women evinced a laudable propensity to get into corners and talk it in couples. That consoled me under the affliction of having to talk it to the old women and the parson; which was meant for my honour, as I was in two ways the prominent guest, first as a Britisher and a man of fashion, and second (which is the same thing from the other side) as a man of sin.

"I talked with desperation and earned the surprised approval of my aunt; but I managed at the same time to keep an eye on the juniors dispersed about the rest of the room enjoying themselves, and I reflected that probably my advent was to them an unmixed blessing. My sacrifice was not in vain.

"From where I was placed I could watch all the couples but one, which had got into the recess of a window. Naturally, therefore, that was the couple I wanted to see; more especially I wanted to see the lady's face, for she sat with her back to me, and held herself gracefully, as if she knew how. My curiosity grew stronger as the gossip wore thinner, till at last I took advantage of a pause to assault the parson:

"Would you mind introducing me to that gentleman over there in the window-seat? I think I have seen him about town."

"We walked across, disturbing all the groups and producing a universal lull in the talk.

"Mr. Liddon, from the old country," said the parson; "Mr. Ferguson, an active member of our Young Men's Christian Institute, Mr. Liddon, of which I was speaking to you, and my right hand on committees; I'm sure he will be able to give you any information you are interested in knowing as to the condition of Jonesborough. This is Miss Black," suddenly realising that he must introduce her, too. Then the parson went away.

"I knew exactly what Mr. Ferguson was looking like, therefore I did not look at him; but as he had started up from his seat when we approached, I bowed

and sat down in it, and addressed myself to Miss Black.

"Are you much interested in parish work, Miss Black?" I asked.

"Very much," she answered, and looked at the floor. This was not brilliant, but at least she did not look at Ferguson, and that worthy, who seemed unable to find a single word to say for himself, now gave an inarticulate snort of indignation and fled.

"I am really afraid I disturb you, Miss Neville," said I, with a fine irony.

"Yes, you do," she answered, looking me straight in the face, and her eyes glittering; "and what's more, you haven't the least right to."

"I could not say that I had; in fact, I could not say anything at all. What I *thought* was, naturally, 'I don't admire your taste'; but it was clearly not possible to say that. I sat and said nothing, and probably looked almost as sulky and stupid as Ferguson. At any rate, after a little, Miss Neville laughed—a laugh of reconciliation and gentle ridicule.

"Come, Mr. Liddon," she said, "you never even pretended very much to be in love; don't pretend to be jealous. What is it to you if I am a Presbyterian in my afternoons? You have found out my secret, and you will keep it for me, both in the afternoon and in the evening. I have a taste for respectability, though I have not very much chance to indulge it. Yes—and I have a taste for Mr. Ferguson too. Quite true. He amuses me; I amuse you? Then let us shake hands and be friends again."

"Of course, there was no more to be said, and we shook hands unobtrusively in the corner. She had a very nice way of shaking hands. 'And I will bring you back your pet lamb that I frightened away,' said I, with all the zeal of a convert.

"The lamb will come back when the wolf goes; and you need not go just yet. I will tell you something about my Presbyterian self, if you are interested."

"It appeared she was a cousin of a cousin of the parson's, and that the intermediate cousin, being a busy man at New York and not well acquainted with either of them, had been the innocent means of bringing about an involuntary alliance of Church and Stage. Also she taught in the Sunday-school, and enjoyed it. No one among the sheep knew any-

thing of her connection with the Stage ; no one among the goats knew that she was a pillar of the Church. It was her secret and mine. She did not say anything more about Mr. Ferguson, and I thought it was not the season to inquire. I did not at all believe that she was only amusing herself ; but, as she said, it was not my affair. When I left the parson's house it was in the character of a benevolent neutral ; and when I reflected on the situation it seemed to me that I was in hourly increasing danger of becoming an active ally.

"As a non-committal measure I cultivated Ferguson. He was not very difficult ground to work, but I cannot say that the crops were good. A thin sandy soil, with a most superficial sprinkling of manure—chiefly theological bone-dust—and then you got down to the bed-rock of selfishness and conceit. At least, that was what I thought of him ; but then I may have approached the subject with some bias, and there is no doubt Miss Neville had another opinion. She was very much in love with him, that was clear enough, and in his peculiar way he was fond enough of her. Now that I knew where to look I used to meet them pretty often—at evangelical tea-parties and Sunday-school pic-nics, and sometimes out walking in the country ; but never in the Square where the gay world of Jonesborough was accustomed to parade its glories of an afternoon, and never in the neighbourhood of the theatre. I found out that she had even lodgings suitable to the sober character of Miss Black besides those she occupied as Miss Neville, which must have been a heavy drain on the regal income of a third-rate star. And every evening I went to the theatre and saw her act, and there was a little supper-party afterwards, and I saw her to her rooms and expected confidences ; but none came. It was a curious position, but she seemed glad to have me about, and though I felt rather a fool it was not unpleasant. If ever I considered the matter at all, I said to myself that the situation could not last long ; that it was only by extraordinary luck that she had been able to keep her secret so far, and that if nothing else happened, her company would leave Jonesborough before many days were gone. And I lazily wondered whether Miss Neville intended it to go bereft of its chief attraction, or adorned with a

fresh one in the person of Mr. Ferguson, late of the Presbyterian Young Men's Christian Institute, Jonesborough. I was content to leave it to her.

"But the days passed by till it was only a week to the end of the theatrical season, and still nothing happened, except that, as it seemed to me, Miss Neville grew a little careworn ; but that may have been the jading effect of the long season's work. Then at last, on the first of the 'last six nights,' as the bills glaringly announced, something happened. The first thing I noticed was that she was acting atrociously ; the next, that she was looking lovely. The rest of the house noticed that first, and the other not at all ; and they applauded her vociferously. The plaudits were precipitated at supper, through the medium of half-a-dozen young asses, in several dozen silly compliments, which she received graciously enough, but yet as though she set even less store by them than usual. She left earlier than her custom was, and as I put her cloak on I thought to myself: 'It is coming at last.'

"'Shall we go for a little walk, Mr. Liddon? It is a beautiful night.'

"We walked for some time in silence. I felt in the back of my head that appealing glances were being cast on me, and I looked sedulously out over the woods in the valley, and took my revenge for the silence of the past fortnight.

"'Can't you guess what I want to say to you, Mr. Liddon?' came at last, in a still small voice.

"'Some of it,' I said. 'Has it—did he speak to-day?'

"'Yes, to-day.'

"'I congratulate him most heartily ; but——'

"'But what, Mr. Liddon?' with sudden emphasis.

"'O, you needn't fly to arms ; I was not going to say anything against him. But—have you told him?'

"'Told him what? No, I haven't told him. How could I tell him? You know the kind of thing he has been told about the stage ever since he was a baby. How could I tell him *then* that I was an actress, and that I had kept it secret from him? I wish to heaven now that I had never seen the stage. I used to be fond of it and proud of it ; and now I hate it—I hate it. And—and I want you to help me, Mr. Liddon.'



"SHE CAME OUT WRAPPED IN A FUR CLOAK"

"' Help you to leave the stage!'

"' No; how could I do that? He would know just the same. What I must do is to show him that the theatre is not what he thinks it.'

"' To show him? You will take him there?'

"' No, *you* will take him there, and I

will play to him. He shall see me act in a good play, and then I will go to him and say, "Now you know what the stage is and what I am, and if you wish I will leave it."'

"It was a good idea, very beautiful and poetic, only unfortunately it was quite unsuited to the particular clod for

whom it was meant. I tried to convince her of that in mild periphrases; but it was useless. Of course natural vanity made her wish her lover to see her in her glory, doing what she could do best; and she shrank from the ordeal of telling him the truth in plain prose by daylight; and she knew she could express herself better by acting than speaking. And then insinuations, admonitions and pleadings are more easily and delicately conveyed in the allegory of an artistic performance. All good ideas, if only they had been sent to the right address.

"Of course, when I found she had made up her mind, I promised my help. 'It will encourage me to have you there sitting by his side,' she said; 'and I shall need all the courage I can get. And if he asks you anything, you will speak for me? You can't tell how good I think you, Mr. Liddon, to do all this for me: I have no woman friend at all—no friend at all but you.'

"And she said more kind things which I won't repeat: and we shook hands on it, and said good-night.

"It must have been a strange business getting Ferguson to go to the theatre. If I had not been so anxious for the poor girl I should have been very much amused. My part was only to take charge of him after he was persuaded, so I can only guess at the process. When I called for him, ten minutes before the overture, at his boarding-house, he was in a state of irritated mystification. I should have thought a man of his religious training ought to have had a larger supply of faith. But he seemed to think he had performed all that was required of him in that line by consenting to go, and he spent the time while we walked to the theatre in asking a number of questions which I found it sufficiently hard to parry. The only thing which pleased him was that his lady-love, though she had chosen to send him on this doubtful errand, was staying modestly at home herself. He had no suspicion of the truth.

"The inside of the theatre, the lights and the crowd, silenced him; but only for a minute or two. Then he began to ask what the play was to be about. I looked at my programme, and found it was an English version of *La Dame aux Camélias*. I promptly declined to enter into any explanations, telling him the play would tell its own story quite clearly.

Privately, however, I doubted very much whether it would tell the story Miss Neville wanted it to tell. What an absurd fancy of the girl to select a play like that for a Puritan's introduction to the stage and to his future wife! It seemed a needless admission of all the weak points in our case, and a great deal more. I felt like a barrister who has been betrayed by his client.

"Providentially, Ferguson did not know that it is the custom to talk during the overture, and we both kept silence till the curtain rose.

"It was five minutes after her first entry before he recognised her. It came gradually. First he turned very white, then he began to tremble, and then his jaw dropped, and he sat gaping at the stage for all the world like a country bumpkin at his first play. The people round thought it was that, and nothing more. They grinned at each other. As for Marguerite on the stage, she had not the courage to look at him for a long time, poor girl; and before then I had nudged him savagely, and got him to look more human. But indeed I had not much attention to spare for him after the first few minutes. Elsie Neville was acting for him as she never acted before or since.

"You will understand something of what she did, for you have seen the Duse do something of the same kind. It is not the true Marguerite; it is not a courtesan at all; it is a pure, modest woman's soul which has somehow got into a courtesan's body. I do not think the part should be played in that way, for it is neither true to life nor to the author's meaning; but in the hands of a great artist it adds incalculably to the pathos. In the author's mind the degradation in which we find Marguerite, the loss of her lover which breaks her heart, and the desolation in which she dies, are the true and natural consequences of her life; because she had too high a mind to live in that way, and yet could live in no other, she dies, and we feel that it is best so. But as Marguerite was played that night she was a poor, struggling and yet stainless soul, with all the world against her; injustice, the brutal injustice of the multitude, was the dominant note of the play; the black fate which loured over her at first, which lifted awhile in the sunshine of Armand's love, and which crushed out her heart and life in

the end, was a blind fate, useless, meaningless, gratuitous. And if ever a question was asked in this world it was asked of the man at my side as Marguerite signed her last and the curtain went down: 'Shall it really be so? Are you with me or against me?'

"He had never said a word during the play. He stared at the stage while the curtain was up and at the floor between the acts, and I did not like to disturb him. Once, between the first and second acts, he started half out of his seat as if to go, but he sat down again. When the curtain fell he sat still for a minute or two as if dazed, and then he got up and moved towards the side exit. I followed him. We passed through and stood in the passage that runs round behind the stalls. To the left was a door leading to the stage, to the right the way to the front door. He stood still and looked at me. I said, 'Which way?'

"'What do you mean?'

"'This way to Marguerite, that way from her. Make your choice.'

"The stage door opened, and she came out, wrapped in a fur cloak. She had

not had patience to wait. He had his back that way, and did not see her, and I hastily continued, that he might not say anything without seeing she was there:

"'And what do you think of the play?'

"He turned and saw her, and looked at her and then at me, and if ever I saw fear and jealousy in a man's eyes, it was then.

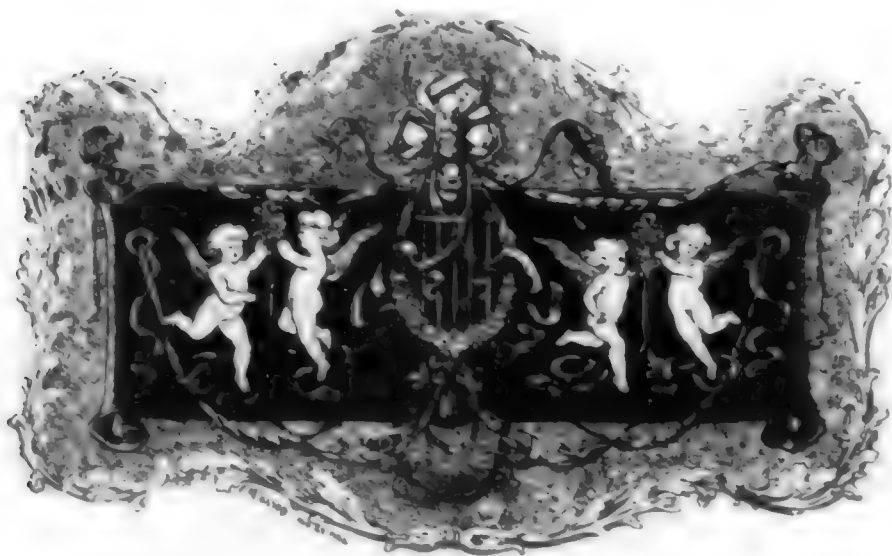
"'I think it's a confession,' he said, 'and it comes too late.' And with that he turned and rushed out of the theatre.

"I looked at Miss Neville; she had her hand on her heart, and she tried to smile.

"'I have a headache,' said she, 'and I shan't go to supper. Tell them so. I shall be all right to-morrow, no doubt. Good-bye.'

"I spent most of the night walking about the country roads, smoking and cursing. I did not go any more to the theatre at Jonesborough.

"As for Miss Neville, she devoted herself to business, and she has become a very successful actress."



Gambling Among the Iroquois.

WRITTEN BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON (TEKAHIONWAKE).



THE Red Indian has the reputation of being the most inveterate of gamblers, and of even in a semi-civilised state adopting with marvelously adroit understanding the "white" habits of acquiring money and various lesser possessions through the means of cards, horses, and other "cultivated" pastimes. But the Red man at his own national gambling games is a far more absorbing and picturesque sight than one at a racecourse or a casino, for at his own pastimes every attractive feature that can be mentally or physically displayed is called into requisition—his natural athletic tendency, his personal graces, his herculean strength, his antique and statesmanlike craft, all are given opportunity to assert themselves in the vigorous gaming sports whereunto he is heir by blood as well as patriotism.

For the Iroquois games have many times played important parts in the making of the nation. The greatest native game of this continent—La Crosse—has in the olden days been made an affair between tribes, not teams. In the early days bloodshed was no rare occurrence, when two great Red nations met on the field to test their prowess at an ostensibly innocent sport. Both nations knew as they "faced" the ball that for one it meant national supremacy, for the other tribal submission, and consequently it was war to the knife. Hatred, enmity, vengeance found tolerance, and even encouragement, in the sport when perhaps two tribes who were enemies met, almost as much for bloodshed as for matching dexterity on the field. Bitter feuds were settled or aggravated through the medium of the dainty-looking La Crosse stick, for from the old Indian standpoint of etiquette an affray was as permissible and creditable at sport as on the legiti-

mate warpath; and conspiracy was carried on even by the women of the tribe, who frequently went on to the field armed with great birches, with which they belaboured their men-folk into a fury that was spent on their unfortunate opponents, and many and various were the "charms" and "medicines," the witchcraft and necromancy with which they confused the enemy, the better to ensure success to their own tribe.

One of the most famous historical incidents in America was Pontiac's ingenious device to capture Fort Detroit from the English through the agency of a simple game of La Crosse. The stratagem is too widely known to need comment here, and whether one's sympathies are for or against the sagacious Redskin all must instinctively admire the marvellous tactics of the strategist who could devise such momentous schemes and base them upon an apparently innocent little gambling game. But in the olden days nothing was too valuable for an Indian to risk on La Crosse. The stakes were generally brought on the field, as an incentive to the contestants. Vast quantities of solid silver ornaments, strings of rare purple corn, belts of wampum, bowls of beans, flinten arrow-heads, pipes of stone, tobacco, buckskin, furs, necklaces of bears' claws, bracelets of elks' teeth were heaped up near the goal in sight of the two "teams," even ponies were brought out and tethered near by, for when an Indian gambles it is for all or nothing. The last thing to go is his gun. When he has lost that he is undone indeed.

He plays a pretty game. There is something in the cat-likeness of an Indian foot that no pale-face athlete can ever hope to acquire—something in the clean-shapen, sinewy limbs that nothing but copper-coloured skin will ever cover. He can dodge, elude, foil and counter-foil with a grace and agility that another man can never imitate, for La Crosse is the Red Man's birthright; he plays it as

a poem ; he is dexterous, lithe, supple, artistic, yet withal so strong, so powerful, that you imagine young David, the sweet-singing shepherd lad, could never have been more practically agile, either with his music or his string.

Canada has appropriated this as her national game. Her young athletes have modernised it considerably. Scientific play, rules, club regulations, and abolition of bloodshed are some of the innovations claimed as "improvements," and no prettier or more manly field sport can be seen the civilised world over than two teams of stalwart young Canadians engaging in a La Crosse championship. The skin-tight jerseys may not be as picturesque as the buckskins worn by the Red progenitors of the sport, but the palms throb just as impatiently against the handle of the 'Crosse, the eye is just as alert, the pulse just as full, the nerve at just such a tension, whether White or Red the men who "face" for this initial game.

The two "facers" kneel in centre field, tip their 'Crosses horizontally, the referee places the ball between the nets, and gives the word to "go." There is a simultaneous smart jerk, and the ball rolls out afield. In a twinkling the lucky man has it in his 'Crosse, and darts with lightning speed up the course ; his "check" is at his heels instantly, but with a deft twist of ankle and shoulder he is free ; he raises his 'Crosse for a long throw, but his "check" adroitly intercepts the sweep of his arm. The ball spills, and the two fall into a scramble for it. Again the lucky man secures it ; he dashes out with it well forward in the netting, and with the fleetness of a deer gains open ground, then poses for a long grand throw, his elbow, arm, wrist respond with wonderful grace and power to his shoulder, the 'Crosse sweeps at an angle impossible to describe, and the ball leaps out, to take a rainbow curve, and fall fifty yards distant in the very midst of a hive of 'Crosses flung upwards to meet it, but eludes them and falls into the grass amid a confusion of feet, legs, arms and 'Crosses that threaten momentarily to form a deadlock. War ensues, scrambling, shouting, body-chocking, when an outside man, whose keen eyes have done more for his team than all his fellows' fighting, pounces upon it, secures it, and triumphantly puts the field between himself and every

player on the ground. Shouts greet him, his captain yells directions to him, his "check" pursues him madly, the spectators cheer, but his cool nerve is steady as a rock. Vainly at the last second does his "check" reach him, take aim for his 'Crosse, and endeavour to outwit him. With tantalising coolness he swerves aside, his 'Crosse holding the ball poised in mid-air. With a magnificent swing and sweep he sends the ball high overhead towards the enemy's flags, only to be met with more battles, more body-chocking, more shouts, more intrigues ; so back and forth it flies, now careering overhead, now skimming the sward, now in a victorious 'Crosse, now underfoot, until finally some lithe young strategist secures it, and dashes towards the very jaws of the rival flags. His opponents make a mad dash for him, but he sees nothing, hears nothing ; his eye watches the scraps of gay bunting that his fleet course brings nearer and nearer. The excitement runs high, men yell, the two captains shout hoarse orders, the goal-keeper sets his feet firmly, his hands grip his 'Crosse like a vice, he is all on the alert to avert the threatened capture of his fortress, but the young, on-coming conqueror is invincible. Flashing a sagacious look at the goal, with steady hand he takes aim. Behind him his opponents are howling and gaining on him momentarily. There is not a second to lose ; a mighty sweep of the 'Crosse, the little ball rips along the netting, splits up the air with a stinging sound, and in defiance of the goal-keeper's 'Crosse, wits and nerves, it whizzes between the flags like a black bullet—the game is won !

Instantly twelve La Crosses are pitched high in air ; twelve triumphant men, wild with the wine of victory, leap, turn hand-springs, yell and cheer like madmen ; the umpires and captains hold high conclave, the referee is appealed to vainly—it was a clean unquestionable "game"—and the victorious team snatch the hero who "put her through," and in a fever of delirium hoist him to their shoulders, and carry him in glorious triumph up field to the music of maniacal cheers from the spectators, and perhaps the suffocating beat of a sweet, loyal heart, hidden under the muslins and laces that garment a certain little figure in the grand stand.

La Crosse as a gambling game has

practically fallen into disuse amongst the Iroquois in recent years. The great winter sport of snow-snake has, however, held its own, and is yet played with much zest by the Indians on the Ontario Reserves. It is a sport as beautiful and graceful as archery, and one that is absolutely unknown to white people, notwithstanding its dainty science, its adapt-

at the "head," which is slightly weighty and bulky, with an upward turning curve to the "crest." This "crest" narrows to a nose that is incased in a thimble of hammered lead, oftentimes carved into fantastic shapes.

The "tail" is only half the width and the depth of the "head," the slope from tip to tip being so gradual that one scarcely per-



MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON : TEKAHIONWAKE
From a photograph by C. S. Cochran, Brantford, Canada

ability to the winter season, and its quaint novelty.

The game is simple enough, being merely a trial of skill in throwing, the "long distance" man being the winner. As in La Crosse, the stakes are piled up in sight, at the start. The "snake" is a straight, well-seasoned bit of flat hickory or ash, between five and six feet long, and about three-fourths of an inch thick

ceives it, until when lifting the slender thing the weight of the "head" is noticed.

A small groove in the "tail" makes a pocket for the fore-finger of the thrower, who raises his arm shoulder high, and with a dexterous movement pitches the "snake" forward with such force that after alighting on the snow fifteen or twenty feet distant, it skims away, a wingless bird, with an almost incredible

speed. You stand and watch the thing with a strange sense of hallucination. It appears to move slowly, but were you opposite instead of in rear of it you would be dumbfounded at its lightning speed. It shoots past you like a wild thing, it slips away from you like a dream—sliding, gliding, skimming; slipping over the drifts and hummocks, until you wonder if it is really lifeless, or if so the possessor of some strange, rich necromancy, that guides and furthers its course into an unseen goal—so far, so secret seems its destination.

What a fascinating thing it is: what strange life it absorbs from the fingers of a young expert. It shoots forth, arrow-like, a slender, oiled slip of a thing, running the level smoothly, rising apparently without effort up the hill slopes, dropping down the inclines—on, on, on, until it slowly disappears over the crest of a huge drift, and you think it has positively “run out,” but far beyond, on another rise, it skims slower, more stately in its course—ever on, and on, straight, unswerving, and direct. Again it disappears down some wind-blown drift hollow, again it rises on the opposite side: slower still, and slower, until finally its strength is spent, it slackens perceptibly, then laboriously takes a final rise. You hold your breath: surely it will slip backwards this time—but, no, it crawls up the slope, disappears once more, drags its laggard length a few yards along the level and—is still. The boys have caught it up in its last feeble moments, gesticulating, chatting, betting, betting, betting. The faithful thing has made a good run: it is chilled through and through, its underside is smooth and polished as a mirror; for perhaps it has done service through more than one generation, and has more than once run its course to the music of a “witch doctor’s” incantations, and the eerie songs of a “medicine charm.”

But during the long winter evenings, while the old folks smoke in the firelight, and tell their strange tales of erstwhile wars and witchcraft, in almost every “Pagan” household the game of Bowl and Beans is begun, perhaps at sunset, to be discarded only at sunrise.

Some young warriors from a neighbouring lodge have come in, athirst for entertainment and gain. No one requires a second suggestion to play, for it is the one great indoor sport of the nation,

and they cling to it and love it as they love their rites and legends.

The two players sit “Turk-fashion” on the floor facing each other, with a folded blanket between. Behind or beside each player sits a woman of his clan, who during the play chants from time to time a monotonous formula, and when things “get going” she sometimes stands, waving her hands above her clansman’s head in strange, weird movements, to charm the bowl and beans into fortunate throws for his side, or to disquiet his opponent, and overthrow his luck. The bowl used is a polished basswood vessel, ten inches in diameter at the rim and eight at the base, which is quite flat and level. Six peach stones, ground and pared to the smooth portion next the kernel, then burnt black on one side only, are used as “beans,” and one hundred real beans are counted out, and placed at one side on the floor, in the especial charge of the two maidens already referred to. The bowl is now taken up by one of the players, raised with an odd side movement about three inches, and smartly brought down on the blanket. The stones settle instantly, and a count is made: if the stones turn up five of a kind, either colour, one bean is taken from the pile by the maiden on the opposite side, and handed to the maiden on the side that is throwing. If the six stones turn up white, ten beans are handed over, but these two are the only moves that count.

Many a brave has walked miles for an all-night struggle at this game, and yet many more have tied their ponies outside, only to stake and lose the sturdy little animals at a single throw, and many a quaint lone tale has had its beginning at this strange gaming table: for all the fascinations of the play, all the risks, all the skill, cannot blind my young red lord’s senses that the gleam of bright black eyes above his shoulder, the purling dance of the stones, with their probable loss and possible gain, cannot drown the sweet incantations she murmurs beside him. Her slim brown finger may mean more to him than the value of the beans she counts to his credit, for youth is youth, whether at Monte Carlo or in the log lodges of the far, wild Indian Bush. The delirium of gaming, the fever of love, have surged through the blood of white and red for many eons, and shall do so unto the end.

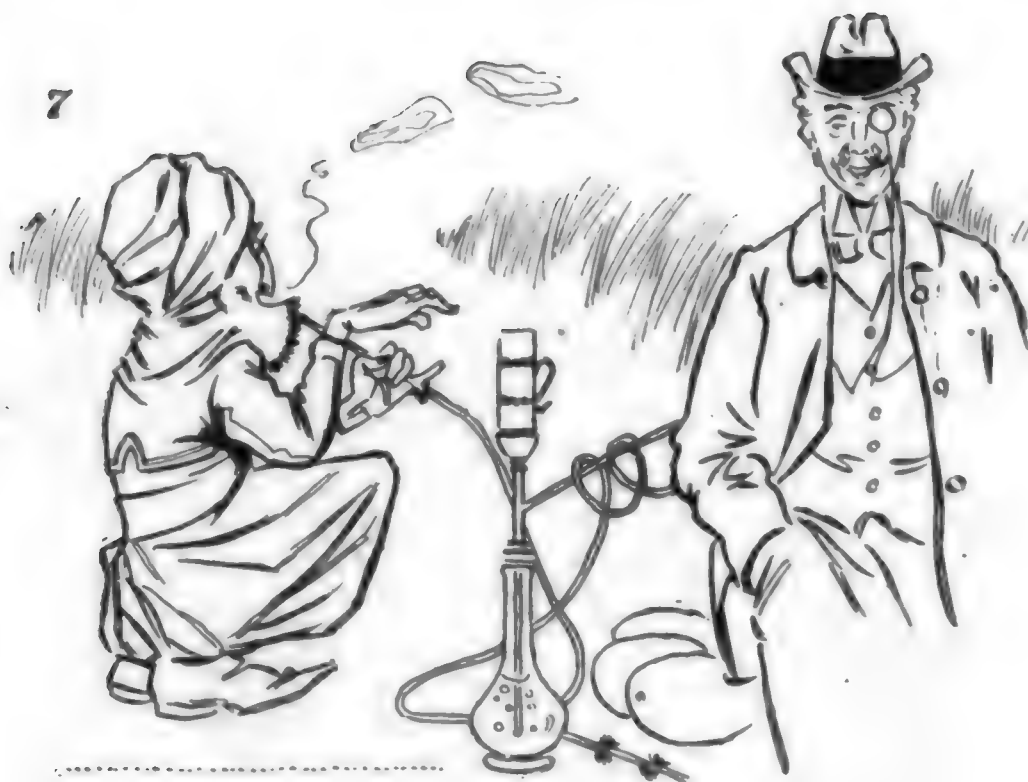
A Story Without Words.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL









Vignettes of the Invisible.

BY A FELLOW OF THE ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

THERE are but few people who are disposed to imitate Sir Thomas the Good, who —

*Would pore by the hour
O'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out
after a shower,
Still poking his nose into this and to
that,
At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,
Or great ugly things,
All legs and wings,
With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty
long stings*

Yet such studious individuals can often tell a true tale from natural history that surpasses the romance of fiction.

Insects, for instance, are endowed with an occult power, completely surpassing the senses of the gentlemen who were walking in St. Paul's Churchyard, one of whom said he could see a fly walking up the dome of St. Paul's, and the other that he could hear it. This wonderful power enables a moth of the sterner sex

leave his woodland retreat even in the hot sunshine of August to pay his respects to her. This and nearly all the senses of insects are attributed to a pair of organs, situated in the head, termed antennæ.

The beautiful colourings of birds' eggs are quite familiar, but the diversity of colour, structure and contour of the eggs of insects is comparatively unknown. Even the house-fly adopts a

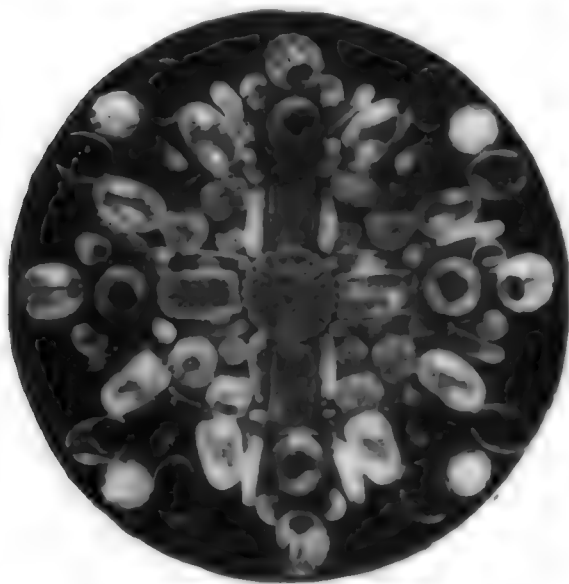


ANTENNA FROM HEAD OF MOTH

model all its own in this respect. Eight of the latter are represented in a group of eggs shown in one of our illustrations. They are the thin sausage-shaped ones surrounding the centre, the central egg being that of the red-under-wing moth. The picture in no way conveys an idea of the iridescent colouring which pervades the actual subjects, and we can only sigh for the photography in natural colours, which seems so near, yet so far.

While speaking of eggs we might glance at the "saws" which give the saw-fly its name. With these tools the female makes a hole along the projecting veins of the underside of a leaf, and then by closing the saws and their supports a tube is formed through which she deposits her eggs in the aperture made, and so they are protected.

Who would recognise in our farmyard scene the powder which adheres to the fingers when the wing of a butterfly is touched! Yet this is composed of such



EGGS OF VARIOUS INSECTS

to be aware of the existence of a newly hatched female of the same variety, even though she be a great distance away and perfectly concealed, and induces him to



SAWS OF THE SAW-FLY

raw material. That powder when viewed with a microscope is seen to consist of delicate particles, termed scales. The shape and colour of these scales vary in different insects, and by the careful selection of these particles from an infinite number of wings the little scene has been built up true to nature both in colour and design. It is, however, quite a miniature, and needs a microscope to tell what it is.

Many of us have seen the little light emitted by the glow-worm, and the illuminating organs adorn this page.

It has been calculated that between the largest living animal known on the one hand, and the smallest which the microscope has revealed on the other, the middle place

is occupied by the house-fly. Just imagine how infinitely little must be the smallest organism yet discovered, and the germs known as "microbes" or "bacteria" are among these latter, for some of them measure only the 1-25,000th part of an inch. The air we breathe, the food we eat, the clothes we wear and the water we drink are simply crowded with them, and alarmists are constantly warning us to avoid bank notes and other desirable things because they carry microbes which may breed disease. The ice-cream vended by "Jack" has been specially condemned, for it has been stated by an eminent authority to contain microbes of various amiable varieties numbering from 12 to 15 millions per cubic inch—it is impossible



ILLUMINATING ORGANS OF THE GLOW-WORM

to be accurate to a dozen or two—in addition to such flavouring agents as coal dust, straw, linen fibre, and tobacco in unexcisable quantities. The germ theory of disease owes its life and being to the microscope, and one of these specific germs laid by the heels in our illustration is supposed to be the lively gentleman that causes erysipelas.

The science of bacteriology is yet young, and it is said that some German professors have been trying to find the bacillus or microbe of nasal catarrh, or cold in the head, for some time past, but unsuccessfully. A clever skit hailing from Munich, and dated the first of April, has been published on the subject. It states that as the Professors could not find the bacillus, he took upon himself



FARMYARD SCENE: COMPOSED OF SCALES AND HAIRS FROM WINGS AND BODIES OF INSECTS

to write his own autobiography with illustrations. This book the Professor is stated to have found while pursuing his "friend the enemy," and with his microscope he photographed the thirty pages of which it consisted. The bacillus therein expresses his gratitude for the trouble that is taken to "cultivate" him, and introduces the reader to his home life. Our illustration represents bacilli of various kinds going home after a good dinner party. The bacillus of catarrh has displayed himself as the big character in the centre of the picture.

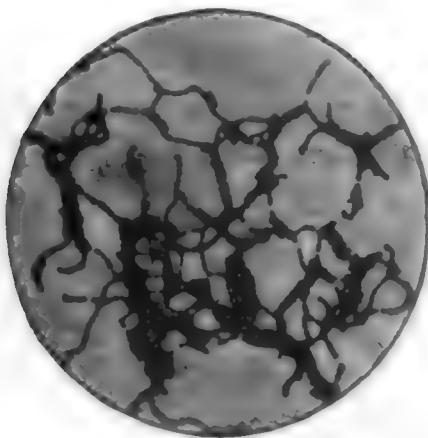
"Liquid sunshine" is



THE BACILLUS CATARRHALIS, AS DRAWN BY MICROB

many years ago; a certain man describing it as emitting a poisonous effluvia which it was said "through a district of twelve or fourteen miles had killed all vegetation, and had spread the skeleton of men and animals, affording a scene of melancholy beyond what poets have described or painters delineated." Many noted men were taken in by the plausible tale.

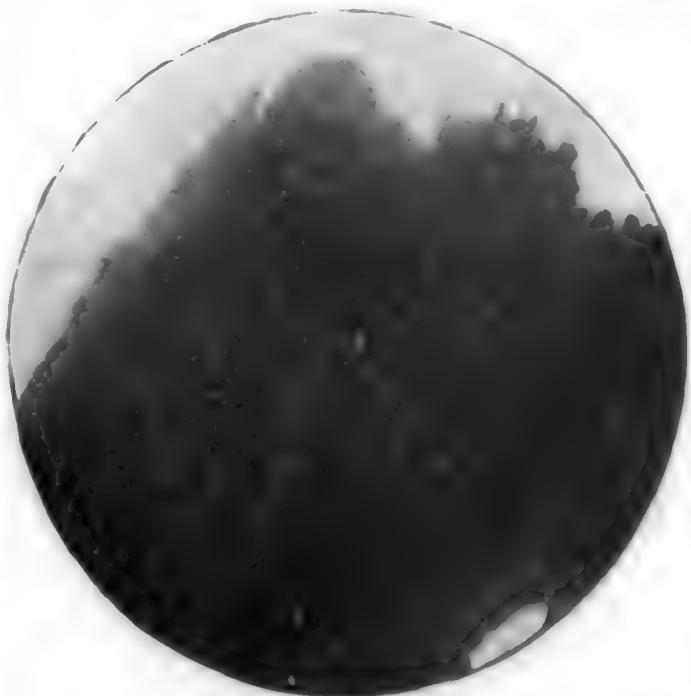
Perhaps of all the "infinitely little things" which the microscope reveals



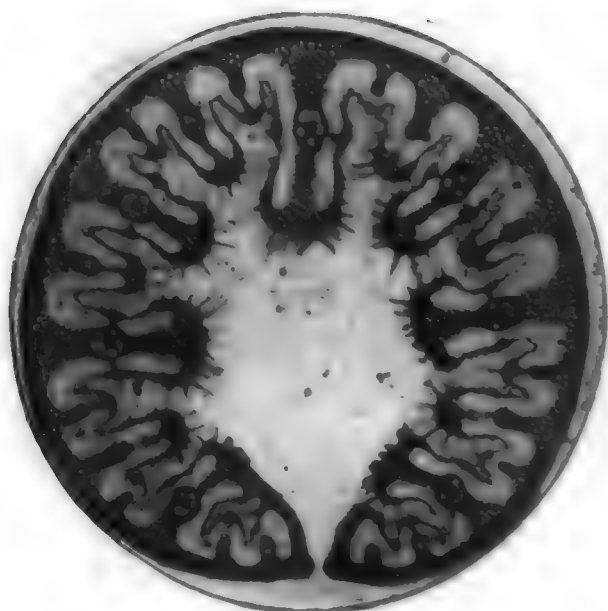
MICROBE OF ERYSIPELAS

credited by its votaries with being an excellent medium for keeping out cold. However this may be, everyone will admit that comfort is afforded by "bottled sunshine," as coal has been graphically termed. A slice is here depicted. Its vegetable origin is distinctly shown; the structure of the trees that perished to form our coal seams being very prominent.

Here is something equally familiar, though perhaps scarce recognisable in such guise: it is a very thin slice across a simple blade of grass; while here again we display a piece of the stem of the Java Upas tree. A famous hoax was perpetrated concerning this tree



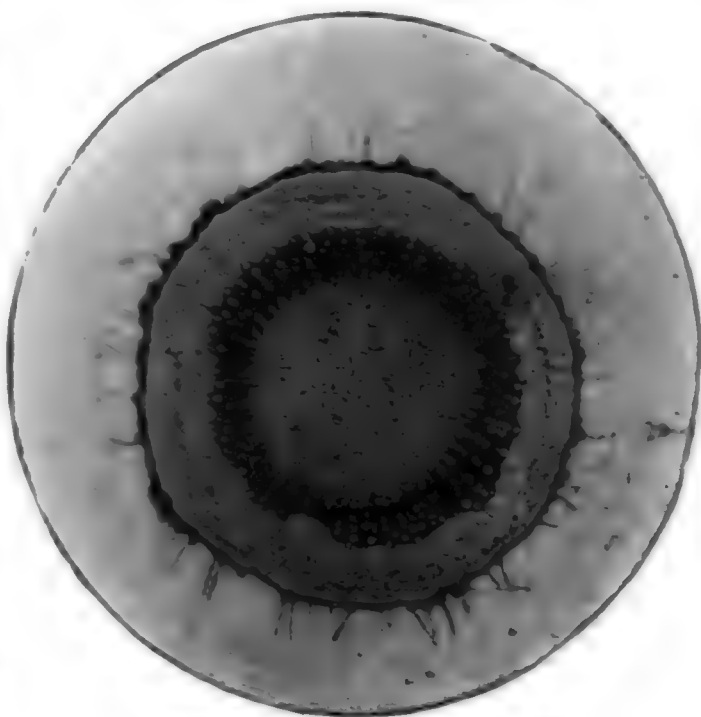
A SLICE OF COAL



A BLADE OF GRASS

there is nothing so charming to the expert worker as the Diatomaceæ. A good long name for very little subjects, which are glorified by yet longer individual appellations. The two historic ladies who were unable to decide whether a shrew were an animal or an insect, might well be excused at being unable to classify "diatoms." Perhaps it is a good thing that these organisms do not know how important a part they have played in the perfecting of microscope lenses, or they might swell with pride beyond their usual size and cease to fulfil their present useful

purpose. These little "diatoms" are somewhat similar to oysters, but they are on a very small scale. They pervade ponds, rivers and seas, where they literally "have their day and cease to be." The shells, or frustules, as microscopists call them, which are of flint and practically indestructible, sink to the bottom of the water, and have formed in the long past ages no small portion of the floors of oceans, &c. The diversity of their shapes is legion, and a photograph of some eighty, all different, each with its name beneath it, is shown here. This is termed a type slide. Many of these little creatures do not exceed the 1-200th



A PIECE OF THE STEM OF THE UPAS TREE



TYPE SLIDE OF DIATOMACEÆ

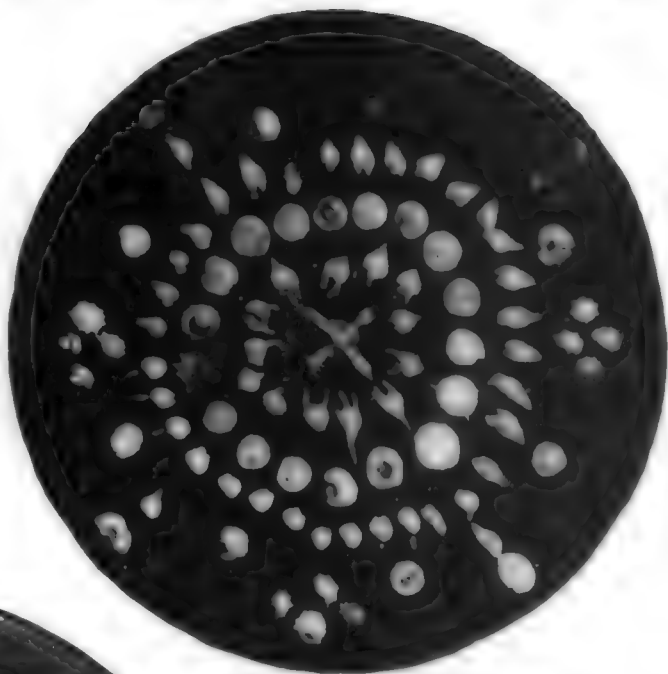
of an inch in length, and yet on looking into any one of them with a microscope, a wealth of beauty is apparent. Just look at "Arachnoidiscus Japonicus," and it will be seen that there is justification for the statement that "there is not in all Christendom a west window of a cathedral possessing anything like the beauty of form or the Oriental opulence of sculpturing displayed by many species of the diatomaceæ." The delicate hand of nature seems to have reserved some of its most beautiful work for that which is beyond unaided vision.

Closely allied to the diatomaceæ, but of considerable larger size, are some

beautiful microscopic shells called Polycystina, which practically compose the cliff at Barbadoes.

The sea worm has an easy way of securing its daily bread, for its body is studded with little flint plates to which are hinged exactly shaped anchors, on the flukes of which the prey becomes impaled and can be devoured at convenience. These plates and anchors also serve as a coat of mail for protecting the creature.

Brussels lace scarcely looks



SHELLS FROM CLIFFS AT BARBADOES



ARACHNIDISCUS JAPONICUS

so handsome here as when adorning the figure of a fair wearer, and our dear old friend the cheese mite does not look altogether harmless when shown in his true colours. The gentleman, wife and family are depicted.

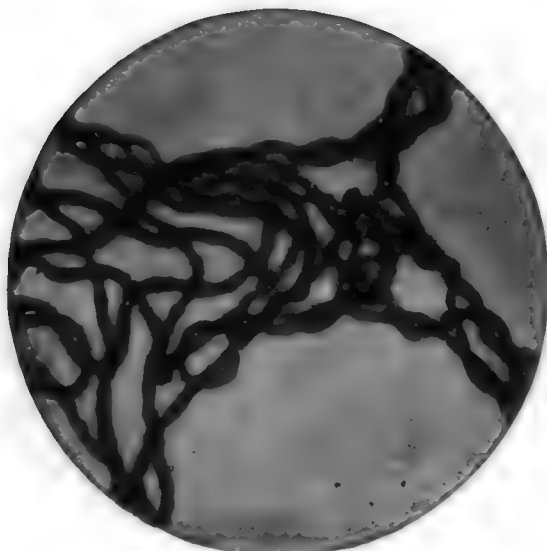
That we are fearfully and wonderfully made is brought home to anyone who examines the tissues of the human body. Here is a single hair cut across in its follicle, and it may be interesting for the readers to scan a list of the protective surroundings that every individual hair is provided with

and which are here shown. The centre is the hair itself, and in the following order encircling that hair come the cuticle of the root sheath, inner root sheath, outer root sheath, inner or hyaline layer, middle layer, outer layer or dermic coat with blood vessels.

Another illustration shows a creature called a "rotifer" and named "*Melicertringens*," which is quite independent of building



ANCHORS AND PLATES ON THE BODY OF A SEA WORM



BRUSSELS LACE

strikes, for it makes its own bricks and builds its own house to live in.



THE BUILDING ROTIFER

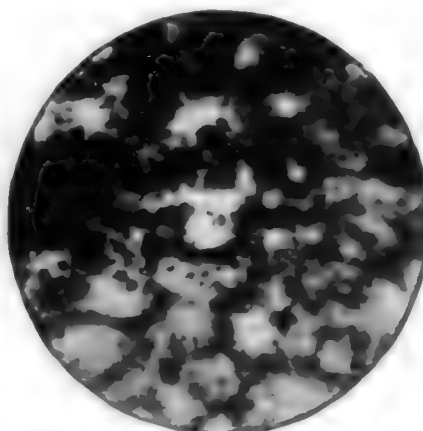
has been described as the most beautiful phenomenon in nature.

A page from the history of the "microtomet" who cuts into thin slices



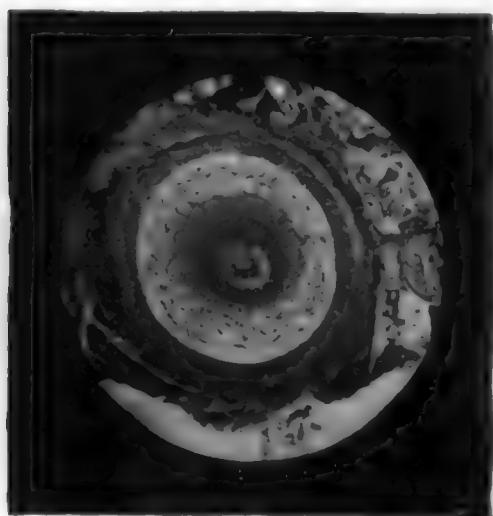
A FAMILY OF CHEESE MITES

The white cilia at the top, in life, move in such a remarkable manner that it

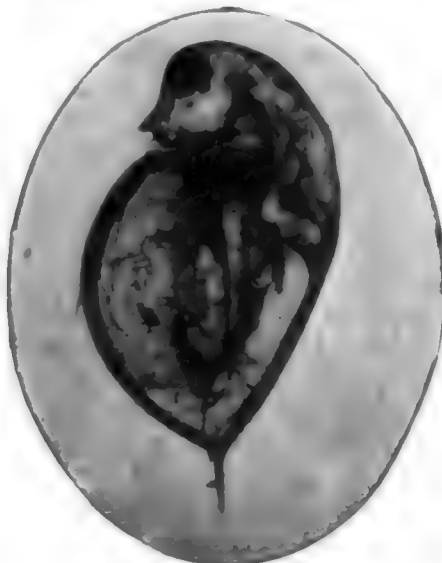


SLICE OF A LONDONER'S LUNG SHOWING THE SMOKE

the various subjects for microscopical observations would be novel and interesting; it is still true that "one half of the



A HAIR AND ITS FOLLICLE



WATER FLEA

world knows not how the other half lives." Imagine making a livelihood by collecting the various parts of the anatomy of man, and the lower animals,

"pickling," boiling in acid and other necessary preliminaries, we see the preparer of these means of education and recreation for young Britain sitting amid



PARASITE OF THE BEETLE



MILDEW ON THE STEM OF WHEAT

both in health and disease, all kinds of disagreeable parasites, every description of botanical elements with the addition of shells, fish scales, rocks, larva from all kinds of eruptive volcanoes, sea-weed, fungi, Diatomaceæ and the hundred other curiosities that adorn the cabinet of the up-to-date microscopist. After long weeks of special

the smell and fumes of ether and "Canada Balsam." finally setting his treasures between glass to be permanently preserved and studied. It is tedious work at best, but it has come to be one of the necessities of our modern life. How prosaic the book of Nature seems to many of us. Yet it teems with wonders, had we but eyes to see them.



Parallel Diaries.

WRITTEN BY A. N. S. ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD.

(Extract from the Diary of Louisa Gimps, Bell Street, Edgware Road. Spelling and punctuation necessarily revised.)

BEEN all the way to Chislehurst after a place, and cost me three and threepence, and nothing to come of it, though that's of my own choosing. I started with bad luck. Missed my train at Victoria, and had to wait an hour, and my feet wet through, and the new feather in my hat well-nigh ruined by the rain as I sat on the top of the 'bus, and obliged to take something in the refreshment line to keep the chill off, which didn't make it no cheaper. However, I got there at last (to Chislehurst I mean) and walked all the way to the White Home, Dudley Road, as was the address give me by the registry. I took the wrong turning, I expect, for I was close on a hour on the road, though the old flat at the station he told me it weren't no more nor a mile. Ferrars was the lady's name, and kept me waiting, too, with my damp things and all before she chose to come into the room—dining-room by the looks of it, and not up to much at that—nothing handsome—lots of thin legged chairs, regular old-fashioned pattern, and a great faded curtain across the door, and a blue pot full of them cheap daffodils. However we don't look for much grandeurs in a place what wants a cook-general, and she come in calm and haughty, and sits down slow-like, and I could see as she had changed her dress on purpose, for the hooks was done wrong, and a queer bluey greenish thing it was too.

"Please sit down, what's your age?" says she first thing, and folding her hands very grand. I could see she was determined to put on the airs of an experienced housekeeper, and an old married woman, she was.

"Twenty-eight, and been in service since I was twelve," says I.

"O dear," says she polite-like, "that must seem a long time."

"Well, it do and it don't," says I.

And then she seems to think a bit, and pats her hair, and gets pink.

"You don't only keep a general?" I asks.

"Only a general servant," she says; "it's a very small establishment."

"I daresay," says I.

"My last general left me under most unpleasant circumstances," she says. "I hopes you would try to like the place. What can you do?"

I could see as she was coming the thorough housekeeper again, so I just looks at her, and she goes on: "I mean do you cook nicely, and bring the plates and dishes in quite clean, and take a pride in the house work and——?"

"I was always considered first-rate at cooking," says I, "and you can ask my last lady about being clean, and if the house work don't come too heavy for one pair of hands I can do it as well as most, I expect."

"O, I always dust the drawing-room myself," says she, quick-like, and forgetting her haughtiness for the minute (which I could see it was only put on). "I have some valuable ornaments, and—I mean I like to dust the china myself when you are occupied with other duties."

"O," says I. Then neither of us says nothing, for I was waiting to be asked all the old questions, and she didn't seem to know her way about them, and at last she says: "I've got a charwoman at present, but my husband doesn't like her at all—she's not very satisfactory, nor—quite sober. Would you be able to come directly if I—if everything was all right?"

"I'm free," says I, "and stopping with my married sister off the Edgware Road."

"Well, I must write to your last mistress first, you see, and then I should send you a wire"—(I hate them things, and they always set my sister all of a tremble, but I didn't say nothing about

that)—“and you could answer by wire to save time.”

“I’d prefer to write,” says I, and she gets pink again.

“Very well,” she says. “O, what wages are you asking?”

“Sixteen and beer,” says I, and she

could see as she couldn’t think of no more to ask me, and then she gets up and says, “Would you like to see the other rooms?” But I told her as I wanted to catch the 12.15 back to Victoria. So I give her the address of my last lady and she give me a glass of beer in the hall



“LOUISA”

bows quite grand. “Washing put out?” I asks.

“O no,” she says “we have only a small garden where we sit. I send it all to the laundress. I greatly prefer that.”

I didn’t so much as smile at the time, but just asked about holidays, for I

which she brought it herself, and I should like to see the real lady as would do it, and then I ups and takes a turn in the neighbourhood, meaning all along to take the 1.15. I made my enquiries in some of the shops round about and soon heard as the gentleman was shocking

mean in his ways, and Australian meat took, and the last general only kept two months, and as quiet a place as you could happen on.

But I did laugh when I come out of the White Home to think of her trying

to take me in with her grand airs, and knows no more than a baby, as anyone could see. I reckon she fancies she's found a rare treasure in Louisa Gimps, but she'll find as she's lost one when she hears from hers truly in the morning.



"SIXTEEN AND BEER," SAYS I

(Extract from the Diary of Mrs. Norman Ferrars, the White Home, Chislehurst.)

I had to interview another of those terrors this morning. Norman was out, sketching the background for his new picture, and Mrs. Biggles apparently went on one of her mysterious errands when she had let the terror in, so I was

alone in the house and felt absurdly nervous. But I hurried into my Liberty dress—I think it important to make a good impression at first—and went down outwardly cool and collected, not wishing her to guess that I was newly married,

or that I was not thoroughly used to interviewing servants. Inwardly I felt more nervous than ever when I saw her—such a red face, and draggled-looking clothes; and she sat holding her umbrella as though it had been a savage weapon. However, I started at once with some straightforward questions, to show that I was not afraid of her; and I think I impressed her a good deal, and gave her the idea that I was an experienced manager, and quite at my ease. I also succeeded in bringing home to her a sense of the surrounding refinements, for I noticed that she often looked about her at the Florentine chairs, and the old prints, &c., and that she took in the hall at a glance. I fear that it may have made her too anxious to come, poor thing! and I know Norman would never put up with her manner, and I should never have the courage to speak to her about her clothes. She was so very

plain, too, in an irredeemable way, with warts and things, and I did want to find someone who would be in keeping with the studio and with the house generally. In fact, though I didn't think of all the questions I had meant to put until afterwards, I yet knew in the first five minutes that she wouldn't do, and felt so sorry for her. I couldn't let her go tramping off to catch her train without offering her something to eat and drink. But it was dreadfully awkward, for I had to get the beer myself, and it seemed quite to embarrass her, as I knew it would. O dear, how am I to write and tell her she won't do without hurting her feelings? I think I'll say that I'm extremely sorry, but that a former servant has returned unexpectedly, or something of that sort. But I'm afraid that she'll be deeply disappointed to-morrow morning, when she gets my letter.



“My First Appearance.”

WRITTEN BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.



VIII. — MR. WILSON BARRETT.

IT might seem natural that a man going to interview Mr. Wilson Barrett should be chiefly curious as to the history of his enormous success, *The Sign of the Cross*. The present interviewer's object, however, was to obtain from him the facts as to his initial acquaintance with his profession. It has been a career of hard work, undaunted spirit, and unflagging zeal—for certainly no royal road was climbed by the present lessee of the Lyric Theatre. Unhappily, his recollection was somewhat vague.

“I am an Essex-bred man,” he said, “and I do not belong to a dramatically-inclined family—on the contrary. Yes, inclination drew me to the stage at an early age; I was, in fact, only seventeen when I joined the ranks of a touring company in the good old *Colleen Bawn*.”

“You cannot be accused of not commencing in ‘the legitimate,’ Mr. Barrett,” I said. “Did the *Colleen* prove remunerative?”

“Well, not exactly,” said the actor-author-manager, with a smile which suggested that he might be recalling, not unpleasantly, those early days. “This baptism of fire took place in Yorkshire, at the Halifax Theatre Royal. In *The Colleen Bawn*, I recollect, my character was ‘Hyland Creagh,’ and I danced between the two pieces. A slightly undignified proceeding for Marcus Superbus, was it not?” he added, merrily.

“Any stage-fright or accidents?”

“Fortunately, no. That was the beginning of my long and extremely pleasant association with Yorkshire theatres and with Yorkshire people. I have managed the old Hull Theatre Royal, the old Leeds Theatre Royal (now the Grand), and the theatre at Burnley, in Lancashire. At the last-mentioned house my *debut* as manager took place. Later, in 1874, I took over the theatre at Leeds, and this, having been destroyed by fire once, was

eventually transformed into the building which I opened—with what the press of the day called great *éclat*—in 1878. The Leeds Grand Theatre is now second to no play-house in the length and breadth of the English provinces.”

“But surely we are trenching upon the period of your arrival in London?” I suggested.

“Yes. In 1879 I came to town and assumed the lesseeship of the Court Theatre, where my *Romeo* was, so the critics said, a great artistic triumph. A financial success it certainly was. In 1881 I took the *Princess's*, but your readers will know all about *The Silver King* and my other productions. Now came America and *The Sign of the Cross*; the rest you are familiar with.”

A well-known actress formerly under Mr. Barrett's management, but whose name I am not at liberty to use, writes to me as follows: “I thought him always most kind and considerate, and, knowing him better of late years, have not had cause to change my mind. . . . His hair in the old days was quite short; his present mode of wearing it has altered his appearance considerably. He always had a keen sense of humour. I once complained to him that a crying baby always spoiled my best scene in *Proof*. He considered it a sign that the play was going well, as the mother, growing excited, clasped the baby closer and so caused the disturbance. He is a very fine stage manager, but insists upon ‘real screams’ at rehearsal, which is very trying.” The lady in question was under Mr. Barrett's command during his management of the Leeds and Hull theatres, where he gained so much of the invaluable experience that we have since seen him turn to so good account. Then followed the *Princess's* days, when Mr. Henry Arthur Jones got his “first chance” in playwriting for Wilson Barrett, just as Mr. Pinero may be said to have received his from the Hare-Kendal management.

“We have deflected direfully from the topic upon which readers of *THE LUDGATE* would have liked you to discourse,

Mr. Barrett," I remarked—"namely, your first appearance."

"I really cannot remember facts or dates," he protested.

"Well, then, perhaps you may have something fresh to say regarding the exegesis of *The Sign of the Cross*—something, for example, that Mr. William Archer has failed to discover?"

religious topics, he is well grounded in theological culture, gleaned from extensive study, and perhaps partly, too, from his close friendship with his brother-in-law, the Rev. Frank Heath. Mr. Barrett is a student of inclination, and is second to none in his belief on the educative power of his art. His enthusiasm certainly cannot be gainsaid.



MR. WILSON BARRETT

From a photograph by W. and D. Downey

"I claim for my play," replied Mr. Barrett, "that it is the outcome of years of serious reflection upon the capacities of the religious drama as an epoch-making possibility pregnant with real greatness. The subject that I chose I approached in as reverent a spirit as I could."

Although Wilson Barrett talks little on

"I feel," he says to me, "that my own vocation is dramatic literature in the construction of serious plays—yes, problem plays if you will—dealing with the eternal problems of life here and hereafter, as expounded by the Master in His crusade of Christianity. What is my favourite piece of literature? The Sermon on the Mount."



THE MAIN STREET DURING THE FAIR

Bampton Fair.

WRITTEN BY F. J. SNELL ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

IT is unlucky for Bampton—the Devonshire town, we mean; for the county of Oxon hath its Bampton also—that it does not favourably impress strangers. This may be inferred from the style of the average guide-book, which observes “dull little place,” and counsels the tourist not to worry. Moreover, with our own ears we have heard fashionable folk make merry over the town, comparing it in their haste to an Irish village! and Heaven knows what beside, and that on the platform of the Bampton railway-station. There is no fear of our being betrayed into such language. Having lived in the place, we can testify to its virtues. How often a plain exterior conceals a most loving heart!

Apparently the first mention of Bampton Fair occurs in 1258, in which year it was granted by King Henry III. to the rector and his successors. The fair was to be held at the Chapel of St. Luke, situate at the north-east angle of the parish church, and at the festival of that saint, for three days. For centuries, however, somewhat to the impoverishment of the town, the tithes have been appropriated, and the present owner of

the fair, which now falls on the last Thursday in October, is the Lord of the Manor. Though thus deprived of all pecuniary interest, the vicars have doubtless always found the same attraction in the event as other Bampton notabilities, and as some of them are credited with abnormally long innings, they would naturally have witnessed a goodly number of “fairs.”

On consulting the list, we find that the Rev. James Style held the living from 1645 to 1711, the Rev. Thomas Wood from 1730 to 1785, and the Rev. Bartholomew Davy from 1785 to 1841. What the sentiments of the parishioners may have been regarding the two former there is nothing to show, but in the case of Mr. Davy, still familiarly referred to as “old Bart. Davy,” it is clear that the patience of some member of his flock had reached its extreme limit, for inscribed on the church-door were discovered one fine morning the following unequivocal lines:—

*The Parson is a-wored out,
The Clerk is most a-doo,
The Saxton's gude vor nort,
'Tis time to hag all new.*

In these days the chief interest of the occasion centres in the ponies, which are driven hither in their rough state from the wilds of Exmoor, but formerly this was a large sheep fair, almost rivalling that of Dorchester. At the commencement of the present century as many as thirteen thousand sheep were congregated in the place, and probably at that time the horse and pony fair occupied but a subordinate rank. Of late the number of sheep sold has dwindled to little more than two hundred, though, a year or two ago, a stock-breeder gave a slight fillip to the traffic by importing specimens all the way from Romney Marsh. The entries of ponies and horses show a constant tendency to increase.

To one visiting the fair for the first time it must needs appear a strange and almost barbarous spectacle. Assuming him to have come by rail he will have seen something of the *dramatis persone*



IN A SALL YARD

—athletic sporting-men, sturdy country parsons, bouncing farmers, clerks and shop-keepers, and mischievous apprentices, with a fair sprinkling of gay ladies—long before he sets foot in the place. From them he will have gleaned what to expect on his arrival, but, through the kindness of the authorities, matters have been so ordered that he may be introduced, imperceptibly as it were, and by degrees, into the midst of the hurly-burly. This may be said to begin after turning



EXMOOR "SUCKERS"

the corner of the "White Horse," where you encounter row upon row of comely red Devon cattle tethered to temporary barricades.

Bampton Fair already boasts quite a little literature, consisting for the most part of hasty impressions jotted down by writers who have constituted themselves for the nonce special correspondents of the press. The occasion also affords a fine field for the budding talent of the descriptive reporter. (In this contest it may be mentioned that domestic reasons have led no less a person than Mr. Stacy Marks to take a

out not only the breeders, but people of every description. It once happened during the morning that a bullock, carried away by the prevailing excitement, escaped from the herdsman and rushed at a terrific pace through the streets. The crowd scattered in all directions, and before anything could be done to arrest his progress, the bovine adventurer was over the hills and far away.

The first stage, therefore, cannot be pronounced entirely free from risk. As one advances the sense of danger becomes more acute. The street grows, or seems



TYPICAL GROUP

leap, though not wholly benevolent, interest in Bampton and its fair, an account of which may be seen in his recent book of reminiscences.) It has pleased one of these gentlemen to raise some mystery as to the barricades, as though the inhabitants looked forward to a miniature revolution. In reality, the simple motive is respect for the last coat of whitewash, which offers a suitable medium for impromptu frescoes.

Locally, the fair is known as the "clearing-out," and incidents sometimes arise which give point to the expression in a sense not ordinarily intended. Instead of the breeders clearing out the stock, it is *vice-versa*: the stock clears

to grow, narrower, and the visitor finds, to his dismay, that he is in close contiguity with the hinder-quarters of horses who have succeeded the cattle, and, like them, are turned tail outwards. Whilst he is borne on by the stream, ruminating perhaps on the chances of a kick from a morose quadruped, he is met by a contrary current of men, horses and centaurs.

Thereupon ensues a dilemma. What is he to do? To give place is absurd: there are no amenities of the kind at Bampton Fair, so that, for the moment, it seems like the choice between Scylla and Charybdis. However, the problem solves itself, the visitor finds himself on

the other side of the bridge, and then—if, as most likely, he wishes to attend a pony sale—he joins himself to Mr. Evans's audience in the yard opposite the "Tiverton Hotel," or to Mr. Blackford's company a step or two further on.

It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Daniel Evans is, in many ways, a remarkable man. He has a kindly, sagacious face that would do honour to a Privy Councillor, and even the most hardened cynic, should he be tempted to speculate, might feel safe in his hands. His long practice, ranging over thirty years, and his residence at Winsford close by the moor, furnish additional grounds for confidence. The animals, however, are sold without warranty.

But not only is Mr. Evans a remarkable man: he has remarkable clients. Chief among them is Sir Thomas Acland. The veteran baronet is known far and wide as an exponent of scientific agriculture, but in the region of

North Devon and West Somerset he is no less celebrated for the care which he has taken in improving the breed of Exmoor ponies, whilst scrupulously maintaining its purity. Then, who has not heard of Mr. John Ridd and Mrs. Nicholas Snow? The names of both these celebrities are in Mr. Evans's books. We may add that his customers often include men of note. For instance, on the last occasion a pair of ponies was bought by Lord Rosebery through his agent, Mr. Fraser.

For power of galvanising auditors into a bidding and buying frame of mind, commend us to Mr. Blackford. Confident, declamatory, possessing a keen wit and a fluency which never fails, he is the central figure of a much larger assemblage than

that which supports his competitor. Seeing that he was for some years in "the profession," Mr. Blackford may owe part of his effectiveness to the stage, but it is manifest that his native "grit" and



THE BALLAD SINGER



FRESH FROM THE MOOR

audacity are considerable aids in his present calling. In his special line he is perhaps the deftest salesman in the West of England.

The ancestry of the Exmoor pony is most obscure. It is, we believe, an accepted fact that, zoologically, there is no such thing as a wild horse, those in America (so-called) having descended from Spanish progenitors. Otherwise the Exmoor variety might naturally have been deemed indigenous to the soil. Tradition, however, as in the story of *Katerfelto*, unquestionably leans to an Arabian origin for these ponies, and a

your wife or your sweetheart, and not beat 'em or blackguard 'em." And your stable-boy is not sentimental, or not in that way.

About the inbred courtesy of the pony on his native heath Mr. Evans repeats some delectable stories which, if they came from other lips, would be challenged and characterised as "tall." Thus he is acquainted with an Exmoor stallion who, "on the hills," will stand and open the gates with his forepaws to let the mares pass. Evidently that stallion was well versed in his duties. Small as they are, these ponies are capable of



THE CHEAP JACK'S CORNER

gentleman who kept one for twenty years has recorded that it possessed all the points of an Arab, and was as docile and affectionate as even the petted steed of Mrs. Norton's verse.

This assertion may be true of the animal when domesticated, though, from our own experience, we should be inclined to affirm that he is always a little capricious, revenging himself for his captivity by occasionally nibbling at the thigh of an incautious stable-boy. Possibly, however, this is not the fault of the pony. Mr. Evans, than whom there could be no better or higher authority, says that, to ensure a good temper, all you have to do is to "treat 'em kindly like you would

great speed. Match them against horses sixteen hands high and "they'll slip along by 'em, look up, and laugh at you."

These statements, however, do not directly concern Bampton Fair, and it is safe to aver that no one that has seen Bampton Fair will carry away the impression that "meekness" is a characteristic of Exmoor ponies. As they stand with their shaggy coats, scarcely larger than retrievers, in Britain Street, ladies kissing them and hugging them round the neck, some doubt may exist on this point; but after one has watched the antics of the little beasts, either in the auction-ring or on removal to "fresh

woods and pastures new," the doubt is completely dissipated.

A year ago, in Messrs. Blackford's ring, a "sucker," held by two men, was waiting its turn to be sold, when, without the slightest warning, it fixed its hind-legs against a hurdle, rose on end, and turned a summersault. Its keepers, dragged after it, were pitched into an adjacent plot. A regular stampede of the little creatures from the "sold" into the sale ring is of frequent occurrence, while the first removal of the bargain—a "sucker" fetches from two to six pounds—is a comedy in itself. One man clinging to its head and two more swinging at its tail have all that they can do to prevent the muscular little brute from bolting out of their hands. Let us say here that the approved colour for an Exmoor is dark brown, and he should have a mealy mouth.

The pleasure fair is held partly in the "Square," partly in the Market-field just above the station. In the "Square" the attractions consist of an array of gingerbread stalls presided over by buxom dames who, blandly accosting all sorts and conditions of men as "my dear," urge them to make a trial of the provision. Vendors of nuts post themselves in unoccupied nooks, and there are usually two or three "fire-aways." Here also are to be found the Cheap-Jacks—and Jills. These are smart people who do business on the Dutch auction system, pausing from time to time in their downward flight to give some grinning Hodge an opportunity to "snap." Hodge, however, though hugely admiring the loquacity and wit of the strangers, can generally restrain his ardour until the "psychical moment" when the much-lauded article is on the point of withdrawal.

Nearly in the middle of the "Square" may be seen, in seedy, sad-coloured raiment, a cadaverous, black-bearded man, with a woebegone expression which pierces your very heart. Sometimes he is alone, sometimes he is attended by a younger man, but it is the older and more regular *habitué* that chiefly attracts regard. Precisely from what quarter he hails, is not clear, but we have a notion

that it is from no great distance—from Exeter, perhaps. Suffer us to introduce him—the Ballad-Singer. He is worth observing, for he is a survival. More than two centuries have elapsed since William Browne, the Devonshire poet, penned the lines:

*As ballad singers on a market day
Taking their stand, one (with as harsh
a noise*

*As ever cart-wheels made) squeaks the
sad choice*

Of Tom the Miller, with a golden thumb.

* * * *

Half parts he chants, and will not sing it out. And here is the very thing! Our friend, to be sure, does not trouble much about Tom the Miller. We had the curiosity last fair to purchase one of the sheets which he releases with an abstracted, world-weary air as he pipes on, jostled this way and that by the press of beasts and men, and found it "The Early Bird Songster."

One aspect of Bampton Fair which may be just touched on is the influx of "noysome Egyptians." The gypsies are a "horsy" race, and their distinctive garb, especially that of the women, agreeably diversifies the scene. Their behaviour, however, has excited strong comment. A year ago they got possession of the orchard in the rear of the "Tiverton Hotel," and for some time there raged a horrible *mêlée* between two rascally factions bent on exterminating each other. This, perhaps, might not be altogether a bad thing, only that the quarrel, once broached, is apt to be reopened in the streets, at the railway station—anywhere, in fact.

On the whole, however, the pleasant features of the day greatly exceed the unpleasant, and except for these unlucky enough to have suffered from the arts of the veterinary dentist or the wily pick-pocket, the Fair lives in the memory as a delightful episode on no account to be missed by anyone, tourist or otherwise, who chances to be in the neighbourhood. The excellent photographs which illustrate this article are by Messrs. Scott and Sons, Exeter.

My Lady's Gallant.

WRITTEN BY ALFRED COCHRANE. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON.

IT astonished me to see something of a shifty look in Sir Gerard's eyes when, towards the end of July, he returned to The Chase, after passing the earlier part of the summer in London. During the previous four months I happened to know that his calls upon a slender banking account had been, happily, less frequent than was customary. A chance observer might have surmised a more thrifty mode of living as the cause of this; but as bailiff and steward to the estates for many years, I knew the Gresley blood better. To me it meant nothing more than a run of luck at Crockford's or White's, and I hoped for no steadfast amendment of our resources therefrom. Yet, strangely enough, there was little of Fortune's favourite in my master's aspect. Nothing but the pallid face due to candle-light enjoyments, and that furtive glance which I have already noted. It might, I feared, mean evil company and sorry recollections; while I trusted that the family honour, untarnished through so many difficulties, might still be safe in his keeping.

He greeted me with the kindness characteristic of his name; and though I did not think that a season of fashion had improved him, for his talk seemed careless and bitter, yet at dinner, in which he asked me to join him, he grew more like himself. Setting aside the jaded air, unbecoming in so young a man, he addressed me frankly about his affairs.

"Do you wish, sir," I asked, "to entertain guests at The Chase during the autumn? If so, there are ways and means to be looked to."

"Dismiss such gloomy thoughts," he answered me lightly, pushing across the decanter, "and fill your glass. Fortune is kind to me, and will be so again."

"An heiress, Sir Gerard?" I questioned, raising my eyebrows and smiling comfortably.

"A gold mine, Parker," returned my

master, tapping his pocket significantly, but without looking me in the face.

"And your sister, sir—my Mistress Anne?" said I, anxiously. "What of her? When does she return?"

"Next week at latest—and with a gallant in train, maybe."

"Heaven send he be an honest man!" I exclaimed, too amazed to say more.

"He is a devilish rich one, Parker," replied the baronet, "and that makes virtue easy and the critics easier. "Mr. Fosbrooke is Cræsus himself. His grandfather was with my Lord Clive in Bengal, and you know what that means. None of your broad acres, with roofs to mend and clamouring tenants, drat them! but good John Company—solid stocks and shares. All in-comings and no out-goings!"

I disliked these sneers at descent and landed position; but it was scarce my place to differ from Sir Gerard on a mere matter of opinion. So I held my peace. If, however, Mistress Anne were to be wedded, the matter touched me narrowly, for she had been my especial favourite since I carried her in my arms, eighteen summers back. To my thinking she was the most charming of high-born young ladies; and it was not infatuation that made me see in her a strength of principle which her brother lacked. Earnestly did I hope, as it might have been for my own daughter, that her choice had been wisely made, and that happiness would be hers. She was to be with us, I learned, upon the Wednesday, and her lover was to reach The Chase two days earlier.

The ensuing Monday brought another visitor—a man calling himself Captain Oldfield, though I doubt whether he had ever held his Majesty's Commission. He had, it transpired, been of service to the Baronet in London, and was asked to The Chase in requital for his good offices. Albeit a loud and offensive braggart, he seemed on easy terms with Sir Gerard, to the surprise of all of us. I at once

set their intimacy down to the gaming-tables, for card-playing makes strange companions; and I regretted it more than I can say. It was something new in the annals of the house to receive such a fellow.

Later Mr. Theodore Fosbrooke arrived, travelling with a splendid equipage and an imposing body of retainers, who found lodgings at the inn. When I saw him I cast up my hands in despair for my lady's taste in suitors; for a more egregious ass, if I may make bold to say so, cannot be imagined. His face was vacant and stupid, though not ill-natured, while his mincing speech and foppish dress made up a picture of ludicrous affectation. I could not picture this feeble little puppy as a woman's hero, however blind love may be, and I feared that he had burst upon my young mistress, like the god in the fable, in a golden shower. It vexed me to speak or think of the betrothal, and unless she had been forced into it (a circumstance which her high spirit rendered unlikely) I could not understand her folly.

At dinner he seemed the butt of the company, Sir Gerard and the Captain rallying and fooling him with sundry winks at each other. When the cloth was drawn we drank more than one bottle of the famous old wine that a former baronet laid down in the year

they shot Byng. "Admiral's" port it was called, and you may be sure they plied Mr. Fosbrooke heavily with it, while I caught the word "faro" passed



MR. THEODORE FOSBROOKE ARRIVED

from lip to lip. He took his share and laughed rather hilariously; but his talk did not become perceptibly more ridiculous as he sat piping out paltry quips and emptying his glass like a man.

When we rose we passed into the

library; where, as I expected, the faro-table was set out in the middle of the room. For myself I could not approve of the business at all. Captain Oldfield, in my opinion, was no fit comrade for the diversions of gentlemen, and the palpable contempt in which he (and my master, I grieve to say, also) held Mr. Fosbrooke argued a mere sordid attempt to pluck a pigeon, whom they had tried to make beside himself with wine. As I stood by the open window, full of misgivings, my lady's suitor approached and offered me snuff. He then rather surprised me by speaking in a low voice and with much delicacy about Mistress Anne. There was almost a magical change in his manner as he named her, and he kindly alluded to the frequency with which she had spoken of me and my humble claim on her gratitude.

"I vow I am almost jealous, Mr. Parker," he whispered, jocosely.

"Nay, sir!" I replied, feeling almost friendly, "I have no wish but her happiness."

Sir Gerard interrupted us, and asked if I would bring in two more candles from the dining-room. So I stepped back thither. The sconces were still flaming upon the dark mahogany amid the silver and cut-glass. My eye fell on the empty decanter, and then I thought of how they had filled Mr. Fosbrooke's glass again and again, yet there was no flush on his cheek, nor a single hair ruffled, nor a frill of his shirt out of place. As I mused, I saw his napkin carelessly dropped on the carpet, and on lifting it I found it soaked and crimson-stained. I took back my candles, smiling secretly, though I was fain to choke down a sigh for good port wasted.

They had begun their game; Captain Oldfield had the bank and the other two were punting, each with a rouleau of gold coins in front of him. Though no card-player myself, I had not lived so long at Gresley Chase without mastering by observation something of faro, and I was able to follow with interest. The business fell out just as I had feared; for, whereas my master played timidly, Mr. Fosbrooke plunged at every opportunity, *cocking*, as the phrase goes, or risking his gains to the utmost upon any winning card. I noticed, too, that he handled the cards with amazing dexterity, and no longer marvelled at the adroitness with which he had spilled his wine at dinner.

Next morning he informed me with much gusto that the Captain had taken eight hundred pounds of him.

"We got to paper," said he, "and he holds my signature for that amount."

"He is more than your match," I replied, wondering at my boldness in rebuking him, "for he makes his living at it. I don't like the man, sir, to be plain with you; and he finds you a veritable mine of riches, no doubt."

"Indeed!" he said with extreme simplicity, "you alarm me." And the little coxcomb's eyes twinkled, though for an instant, as he turned from the topic and asked about his lady love.

"She comes to-morrow," he quavered, toying with the lapel of my coat. "Good lord! eight hundred pounds gone and Mistress Anne coming. It upsets me, Master Bailiff, it does! faith. Ha! you have my snuff-box?"

"Eh, sir?" I cried, not taking his humour.

"Look you: it is here," and he whipped it out of my pocket. "Come, come, though your face is as grave as a judge's. I put it there a moment since. Did you not perceive it?"

He held up the gleaming gold box, tapped it contentedly, and took a pinch. As I had never before seen any sleight-of-hand, even so trumpery a feat as this took my breath away. Indeed, Mr. Fosbrooke was like a weather-vane upon a breezy day, chock-full of twists and turns; at one moment a simpering coxcomb, then next a frisky schoolboy; then doing strange tricks to amuse himself and me — tricks which showed his fragile frame to be active and his thin wrists to be like wire in their toughness. As the evening approached, upon my life I knew not what to make of him. He was not exactly the husband I had fancied for my young lady, who should by rights have charmed some bluff young squire or genial nobleman: but to be frank, he was not so big a fool as I had thought him.

Business took me to an outlying portion of the estate, and I missed the earlier portion of the night's card-playing. After the soft breeze in the lane the library was close and hot when I peeped in to see how matters were going. The candles were guttering dismally, but nobody noticed them, for there was a grim and silent excitement round the faro-board. About the chair-legs many



"WHILE THE LITTLE CONCOMB WAS TAKING A PINCH OF SNUFF"

cards were strewn, and I soon saw that the business had become serious. Captain Oldfield scowled at me for an intruder, but Mr. Fosbrooke was affability itself, begging me to be seated as he punted on the knave, and paid his losses with a chuckle, looking more like a simpleton than ever. When I would have left the room, for I hated to see him being plundered thus, he besought me with a strange earnestness to stay. Sir Gerard sat moodily, speaking little, and the Captain dealt the *coups* with feverish haste.

"Five pounds on the seven," muttered my master, "the bank wins. You have the fiend's luck, Oldfield."

"Poor Theodore loses again," piped Mr. Fosbrooke, "but luckily it is only in paper, and, after all, what is paper?"

Captain Oldfield shot an unquiet glance at his victim, and the young Nabob crushed a further stake on some card—an ace, if I remember right.

"This is my final plunge," he cried, "*soixante et le va*—Death or Glory."

I could not stand it, and touched his arm warningly; so vast a stake was sheer madness. To my surprise he pinched my leg sharply and suddenly, whereat I desisted from interference.

"Are you ready?" Captain Oldfield asked, fingering the pack.

"I am on the seven again," replied my master.

But Mr. Fosbrooke made no answer, leaning back in his chair with his slender finger-tips pressed together, and smiling like a man amused.

"Excuse me, Captain," he interrupted politely, "but I really cannot keep a solemn face. A thousand pardons to be sure, but to see you bungling like this is too much. You do it execrably; and a child could detect your card tricks. They are primitive—I had almost said boorish—to a degree."

The Captain dropped the pack and leapt up, pale and furious, from his chair. He was a towering knave, and looked bent on mischief. I knew that no more odious charge can get afoot among gentlemen (or so-called gentlemen) than that of foul play, and I turned shocked and apprehensive towards the little fop in the elbow-chair.

"For my part," observed Mr. Fosbrooke in a bantering tone, "when I am cheated I prefer to be cheated dexterously. I can finger the cards passably myself upon occasion."

He smiled placidly and conceitedly at the company with his eyes half shut, though the man he was insulting was separated from him by a bare space of four feet. Suddenly the blood rushed back to Captain Oldfield's cheek flushing it darkly, and with a violent oath he sprang like a tiger upon Mr. Fosbrooke. Sir Gerard and I started up involuntarily, but we were too slow to interfere. For moving with incredible swiftness my lady's lover dealt his assailant the most crashing blow upon the side of the head. In my life I never witnessed a stroke so rapid or terrific.

I had looked to be called upon to exert myself to pull the Captain off Mr. Fosbrooke's throat ere the life was choked out of him, whereas, momentarily dazed, I realised at length that the detected villain was lying stunned and bleeding by the fireplace, while the little coxcomb was taking a pinch of snuff. Could anything have been more absurd or unlooked for.

"I heartily regret this passing unpleasantness," said Mr. Fosbrooke, dusting his ruffles with a scented pocket-handkerchief, but I must claim the freedom of a kinsman, my dear Gerard, in begging you to turn yonder man out of your house. He has duped us with some simple passes of the cards, and perhaps we had better play piquet against one another for the future. I am sorry you should have been so deceived in your guest."

Sir Gerald sat like a man in a dream, idly toying with the coins and cards upon the table, and offered no reply beyond a certain inclination of the head to show that he had heard.

"In my case," continued the other, "he has but taken paper from me, and these debts I have not the least intention of redeeming—any more than I shall permit him that satisfaction which gentlemen only concede to gentlemen. But if, my dear Gerard, he takes with him any gold of yours I shall further ask you to permit him to keep it, and I will gladly make the amount good to you."

"Indeed," groaned my master, his head sunk upon his hands, "you mistake."

"Not a word, not a word," cried Mr. Fosbrooke, playfully. "You should be abed, for our friend upon the floor has upset you with his buffooneries."

He spoke easily, but yet I am almost certain that he feared, as I did myself,

some humiliating disclosures involving his host in Captain Oldfield's dishonesty. For he took singular pains to ensure the latter gentleman's speedy exit from the neighbourhood, and never by so much as a syllable did he allude to the episode again. When my young lady arrived (looking a thousand times more beautiful than ever) I was the loudest in my solicitations upon her choice.

It only remains to add that the Gresley lawyer with whom I spoke about the betrothal whistled softly when I named Mr. Fosbrooke. His astuteness, I was informed, was a byword in the City of London. And when I murmured in self-defence that he did not appear sagacious at first sight, I was no better off; for the man of law told me that this was part of his astuteness.



THE LADY OF THE BULRUSHES



SKATING.

UNDER COVER.

B EING always in the season, which is more than can be said for the weather, I looked at my skates with my mind's-eye, and immediately thought of ice. You can look at ice without thinking of skates, but, such is the mystery of the human mind, you cannot look at skates and ignore ice. When I thought of skates, it was unfortunately not freezing. It was one of those days which sometimes come in the very middle of winter to remind you of spring. If you miss several days in spring you know where to find them. I thought of ice, but there was no ice—outside. Inside, however, I soon discovered there was plenty: which, when you come to think of it, is another proof of the absurdity of things, and the comical triumph of mind over matter. At the Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, at Hengler's, and at Niagara, there are immense blocks of ice upon which numberless people can skate, cut pretty figures, flirt, tumble, and in a general way enjoy themselves during the Christmas holidays. Of course, you couldn't see the ice for the people. The funny thing is that it's never quite the same ice for twelve hours running. It's surface changes at least twice in the twenty-four hours. After three hours' skating men come and scrape its face, then cover it with just enough water to fill up any little holes and give it a new edge, and you have an infinitely thin, but absolutely new, sheet of ice to start upon again. I will not say at what rink it was that the following incident occurred, but it was at one of the three already mentioned,

that as I sat gazing benignantly on the gay and brilliant scene below me, watching laughing, determined, serious, frivolous, pretty and plain faces coming and going, my eyes rested suddenly on, or rather were irresistibly attracted by one sylph-like figure that glided this way and that way, backwards and forwards, round and about, in and out with such a perfection of grace, that I seized my hat and deliberately made my way down to the ice. She was leaning against a pillar, resting, and with lazy eyes watched the others. I picked my way to her, regardless of sundry warnings, which I refused to hear. Bowing, I excused myself. She looked at me, amazed; then perceiving a subtle difference from anything she had ever seen before, she smiled.

"How do you do it?" said I, gazing rapturously on her red cheeks.

"Don't you skate?" she answered.

"So, so," I murmured. "Do you find it exhilarating?—as much so as under wintry skies, by moonlight on a forest lake, with the snow-crowned mountain tops in the distance, and the wind blowing you all about?"

"Yes," she said, "the wind's a nuisance. There's none here. Have you done all that?"

"When I was young," I admitted. "The outside edge attracted me, but I never went over the precipice. The fascination of it! Even yet"—and with a graceful motion I imitated the Tower of Pisa in motion.

"Get a pair of skates at once," she commanded. I hesitated, but I saw no



A SKATING RACE

From a photograph by Hemment, New York

way out of it. With knees that smote together, and a heart that went all wrong and has never gone right since, I did as I was bidden, and, like the mighty Winkle, went to my doom. I got a terrible fall, and the sylph, imitating

Mr. Pickwick, informed me with scornful eyes that I was a humbug.

"You prefer this to open-air skating?" I retorted.

"I prefer anything to skating with you," she answered.

THE RITTER ROAD-SKATE.

Somewhat discomfited, I retired from this contest of wit. When I got out into the open again I walked with down-cast eyes and brooding mind. I have already said with characteristic veracity that skates inevitably suggest ice. I was wrong: they needn't. Sometimes they may suggest, as they will henceforth do to me, a violent collision on the public thoroughfare with a small boy who uses violent language. I did not notice him until he had precipitated himself into the middle of my person with quite unnecessary force. I was staggered, but he unfortunately was overthrown. He was on his skates again in a minute, and addressed me as if he had been my grandfather.

"Hillo, guv'ner!" he said, very quietly. "Where are *you* going—eh? Nice thing you think it, you one-eyed old porpus,

to hupset little boys and spoil their clothes."

I made as if to speak, but he bade me shut my mouth, describing it in language which I dare not repeat. A crowd had already gathered around us, and I felt embarrassed.

"Here am I," he continued, addressing a sympathetic old gentleman with white hair, "a-coming along the road as gentle as a 'bus 'oss, when this balloon with a weskit steps acrost in front of me and trips me up."

At this point the depraved boy began to weep and rub his leg. I moved away, followed by the little reprobate and the white-haired old gentleman, who, I could see, regarded me as a bloodthirsty ruffian. Seized by a happy idea I hailed a hansom, and told the cabby to drive me to a shop in Oxford Street where I had once

seen road-skates exposed to view, though I had not then realised the meaning of the words.

"And these," I said, pointing to an assortment of pneumatic-tired, miniature bicycles for the feet, "these are the famous Ritter road-skates, are they?"

The ingenious youth who was looking after everything in the manager's absence nodded his head affably.

"Do you sell many of them?"

"We've sold over five hundred pairs within the last few months," he said, with pride.

"Not for use in London?" I asked, feeling my cheeks whiten.

"Mostly for use in India. They are using them there instead of bicycles."

"Can you go as quickly on them as on a bicycle?" I asked.

"No," he admitted, almost resentfully; "but I've done twelve miles in fifty-four minutes; and I could keep it up all day."

"But they are very heavy," I said, taking one in my hand.

"Yes; but you never lift your feet off the ground."

He fastened a pair on to his feet and skimmed round the shop.

"If you want to stop suddenly, you do it this way," he said, coming to an abrupt stand-still by bringing one of the skates up at right angles behind the other.

"How about going down-hill?" I inquired. He showed me how by fastening one end of a piece of string to the brake, and keeping the other end within easy touch of your hand, you bring yourself to a stop, or graduate your speed.

"If you fall, are you much hurt?"

"Well, you can't fall backwards, and if you fall forwards your hands can protect your face. But there is no reason why you should fall at all. You could learn to use them in five minutes."

As I left the shop I had a vision of the British Army in the near future doing a forced march on Ritter road-skates, and breaking all previous records by eight miles an hour. So elated with the idea was I, that I came very near being run over by a 'bus, than which the human mind can conceive nothing more humiliating.

THE SERPENTINE.

The frost came at last, and the Serpentine was one solid piece of ice. "This is the real thing," I said to myself as I stood on the bank and watched the skaters. It was a pretty sight, but I resisted the blandishments of an ill-clad gentleman who desired to fit me with a pair of skates.

"Don't you find it very cold hanging about here all day?" I asked him.

"Well, you see," he answered, "every now and again a real gentleman—and there ain't so many of 'em as I can see to what there used to be—he'll ask me if I object to being stood somethink hot. And, of course, I'm always glad of somethink hot: for the cold gets right inside of me till I feel as if I was a bit of ice myself."

I moved away from him, for I disliked his appearance and the beery opulence of his amiability.

"Try a slide," he called out after me. "It won't cost you nothink. Not, of course, as that matters to you; but cheap and easy's your line, ain't it?"

I had not come there to be interviewed, but I could not pause for a

minute to watch the skaters without some person of the same class importuning me to trust my fortunes to the ice. I took refuge with one of the courteous keepers of the park.

"This is an unusual scene for Hyde Park?" I said.

"O dear, no," he laughed. "Hardly anything can happen in Hyde Park that has not happened there at least half-a-dozen times before."

"Does the ice ever break?"

"Sometimes. People are foolhardy, and will not take warning."

"Are there ever any drowning accidents?"

"O, yes," he answered cheerfully. "But not many. You see, help is at hand from every point, and we are careful not to permit any skating until the ice is quite safe. At night there is, of course, more danger should any accident occur, but I can't remember one."

"Is there ever any troubles with the roughs one sees about?"

"None at all. When the Serpentine is covered with thick ice it is as safe as Regent Street."



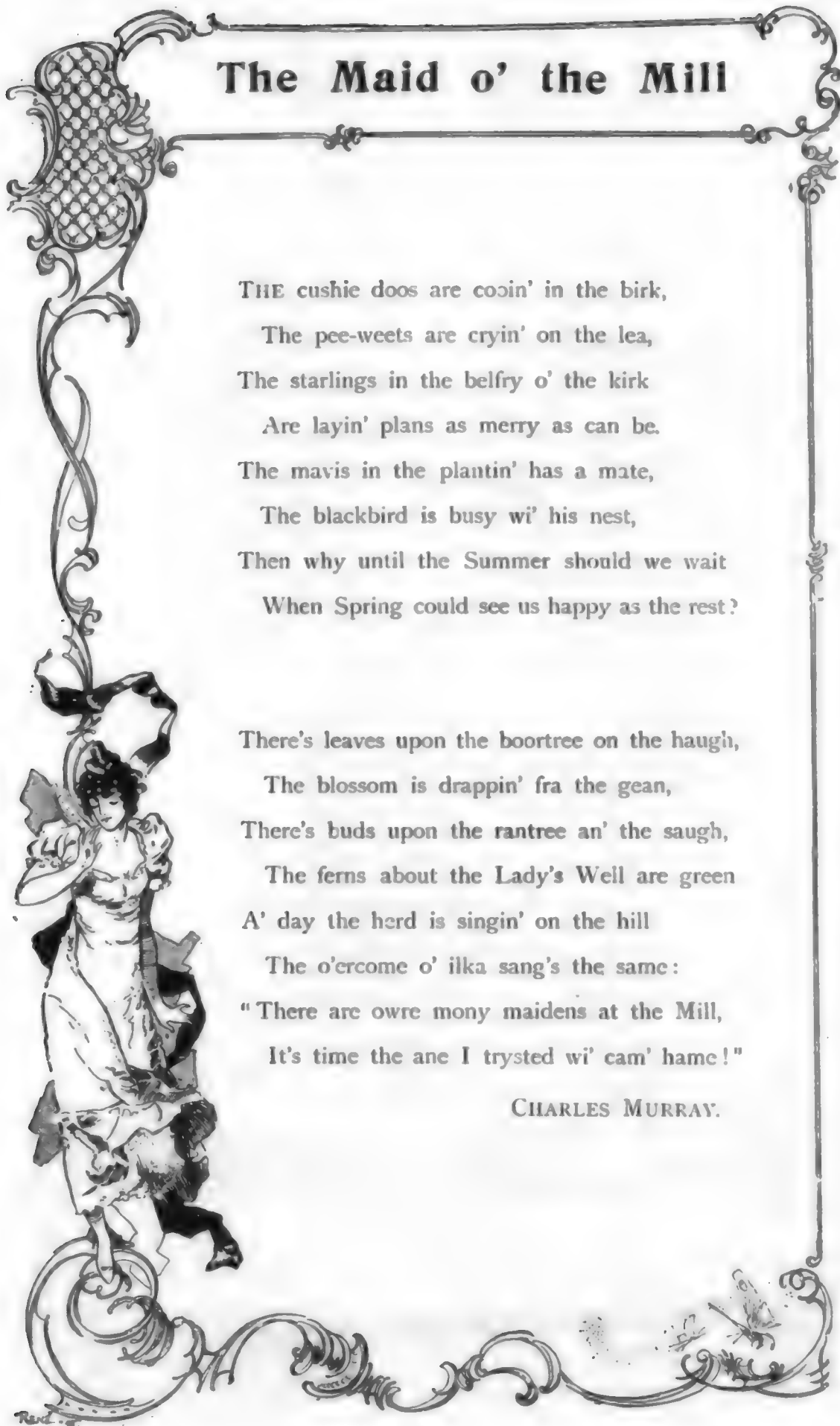
PARIS STATUES. VII. — BERNARD PALISSY

The Maid o' the Mill

THE cushie doos are cooin' in the birk,
The pee-weets are cryin' on the lea,
The starlings in the belfry o' the kirk
Are layin' plans as merry as can be.
The mavis in the plantin' has a mate,
The blackbird is busy wi' his nest,
Then why until the Summer should we wait
When Spring could see us happy as the rest?

There's leaves upon the boortree on the haugh,
The blossom is drappin' fra the gean,
There's buds upon the rantree an' the saugh,
The ferns about the Lady's Well are green
A' day the herd is singin' on the hill
The o'ercome o' ilka sang's the same:
"There are owre mony maidens at the Mill,
It's time the ane I trysted wi' cam' hame!"

CHARLES MURRAY.





OUR. UNCLE PETER.

WITH the dark gloomy days comes the question, ever recurring to our waking thoughts, and haunting like a night-mare our night watches: "What shall we give Uncle Peter as a Christmas present?"

It is our custom to exchange gifts at the Jovial Season; and Uncle Peter appears with wonted punctuality at noon on the Twenty-fifth of December. Himself carries it from the cab—it is usually bulky, since Uncle Peter prefers quantity for his money—unwraps it carefully with his own hands, and, setting it before us in all its undraped glory, assumes an air of defiance as one who says: "There! Refuse to admire *that* if you dare!" Needless to say, we never have dared. I would go to the stake cheerfully rather than confess the bamboo flower-pot stand whereon Uncle Peter disbursed his coin last Christmas, a clumsy atrocity quite out of harmony with the other drawing-room appointments, in whose midst it holds perforce an honoured position. Tortures could not force me to reveal that my soul revolts against exhibiting the gorgeously-painted floral drain-pipe that Uncle Peter deemed

just the thing for holding umbrellas in the hall. Several times has that ghastly pipe been banished to the lumber-room; but, as Uncle Peter is certain to make his immediate appearance, and to look pointedly at its empty spot, it has to be



hurriedly fetched, and its absence excused on the plea that it was sent downstairs to be washed. He has bestowed on Herbert—the most robust of men—a

Christmas we timidly tendered an edition of Shakespeare, and presently found Sheridan to be the only dramatist he esteemed. A revelation which rendered

this year's task a light one, as we easily decided that a copy of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s delightful edition of *The School for Scandal* and *The Rivals* would suit his taste exactly. Uncle Peter rather fancies himself an art critic, but we are convinced that even he will be charmed with E. J. Sullivan's beautiful illustrations, several of which are reproduced in this article.

Uncle Peter has no legal claim to the title. He is merely connected to our family by marriage, being the husband of Herbert's long deceased aunt, Isabella; but still he regards himself as our uncle, and that is quite as bad for us. From our earliest wedded days he has been the self-appointed censor of our actions. It was Uncle Peter's approval of my household management—and not my husband's—that I tried hardest to gain. Uncle Peter has a habit of coming unexpectedly to



flannel waistcoat, and presented me with goloshes, arguing that to those discarding such simple precautions our climate is deadly. All these and more have we endured meekly, for the simple reason that we would perish rather than hurt Uncle Peter's feelings.

It seems too bad, however, that, try as we like, we find it impossible to please him. Once we decided that a gallon of good Highland whisky would be useful for Uncle Peter's nightly toddy, only to be informed, in a tone of severe disapproval, that we appeared to be unaware that his doctors had just ordered him Irish whisky. We tried him with a box of special cigars, to learn that he was seriously considering the advisability of abandoning the use of "the weed." Last

dinner, and of showing himself annoyed should the menu include anything he dislikes. His method of expressing disapproval is emphatic and not to be ignored. Fixing the obnoxious article of diet with a chilly stare, he falls abruptly into silence. His garrulous flow ceases, and he sits dumb, awaiting the apologies he receives disdainfully. Should some dainty, to his taste, chance to be served on one of his casual visits, he eyes scornfully the proportions of the dish originally designed for two—and proceeds to consume the lion's share. The result of these peculiarities, I am ashamed to confess, is that our menus are frequently governed more by Uncle Peter's likes and dislikes than by our own.

Outwardly our mentor is unprepossess-

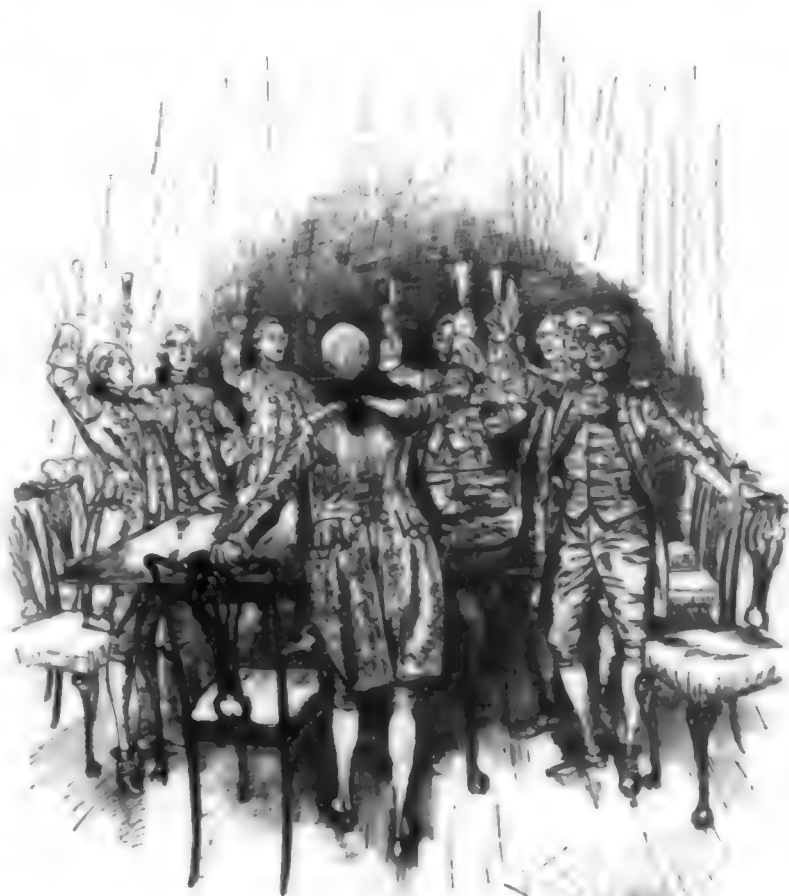
ing. He is short, round and flabby ; his eyes are like steel beads set in narrow slits in a large flat face. He has a constitutional tendency to asthma, wheezes a good deal, and speaks in a voice small and oily. As a conversationalist we fear our candid relative. His talk is ever personal, and frequently uncharitable. Like the old Scotsman, he is deemed well-informed because he "Kens a power o' ill about a'boddy."

When we were a very young couple, Uncle Peter's dismal prognostications, confided secretly to each regarding the other, were the cause of much concealed woe. In matters of art Uncle Peter poses as an authority, and it afforded him intense delight to hint gloomily to me that Herbert had mistaken his vocation: that he should never have become a painter, that any other profession would have suited him better, and so on. While to Herbert he would shake his head over my health, and, on the pretext of the slightest indisposition, prophesy my early demise.

Uncle Peter devotes his abundant leisure to visiting his friends and instructing them in their business. Even our periodical sojourns in the country are not free from his supervision. To issue no invitations and to leave but a vague address is not the slightest deterrent. Wherever we go Uncle Peter finds us out, and the lack of an invitation seems but to ensure his speedy appearance. One hot summer we took a tiny bungalow in the New Forest, and slipped away from town, leaving no word of our destination. Alas! on the evening of the fourth day, our blessed peace was broken by Uncle Peter armed with a portmanteau and fired with the determination to stay a week. That visit proved remarkable for several things, one of these

being Uncle Peter's portable bath. Our relative was given to promulgating fresh theories respecting ablution. This one was quite original.

"I must initiate you into the secret of my portable bath," he announced, the morning after his arrival, with the air of one conferring a favour. "It is quite simple. No trouble at all. Can be had wherever you go. No apparatus needed. You simply stand on one towel, take another—they must be large—fold it lengthways, dip it into a basin of water and soap it well. Then grasping it by the extreme ends see-saw it over the body. Then briskly rub dry with a third. Most refreshing, sends quite a glow through the system, and," glancing disapprovingly



at our modestly appointed table, "gives you a splendid appetite for breakfast."

The idea was excellent, perhaps, but, unfortunately, our store of napery had

been regulated by our own requirements alone; and, as the laundry appliances of the district are still in an embryonic state, Uncle Peter's toilet requisites put us to some inconvenience, reducing, as they did each morning, three large bath towels to a condition of hopeless limpness. We wished that Uncle Peter had deigned to carry the uninteresting but economical sponge.

The fond conceit that, had he but



chosen, he might have excelled all living artists is Uncle Peter's sincere conviction: and occasionally he "dashes off" a Turneresque landscape to show the "conventionalised professional" "true art." Every item in his not inconsiderable collection of contemporary paintings has received an improving touch from his brush, a brush that has not hesitated to embellish the work of masters. During our stay in the Bungalow he was all for the Impressionist School, and perceived no merit in any sketch revealing an out-

line. On this fad, combined with his propensity for meddling, hangs a tragedy in miniature. Herbert had completed a charming head in water-colour of a pretty rustic model, and had fixed it on the wall of his temporary studio in company with various other *pochades*. Among his many exasperating traits, Uncle Peter was given to enacting the rôle of the early bird; and, while the household was still steeped in slumber, would preen

his plumage — fresh from the portable bath — and flutter round seeking a confiding worm to devour. Chancing upon the studio, this sketch attracted his attention; and, perceiving at once how he could make "a really good thing" of it, he set promptly to work. Two hours later we entered the studio gaily, for it was a glorious summer morning, and not even his presence could altogether damp our spirits. Fancy our horror when the face of the village beauty gazed disconsolately at us through the fog of greenish grey colour wherewith he had blurred the entire sketch! From infancy Herbert had been taught to regard Uncle Peter with the veneration deemed the due of an elder; and this training had doubtless influenced his reception of Uncle Peter's

many undesirable attentions, but on this occasion he did not attempt to veil his disgust. Snatching the ruined picture from the wall he tore it in pieces. This turning of the worm genuinely alarmed our usually obtuse relative. He shrunk visibly, ate little, and early betook himself back to town.

Uncle Peter objects entirely to our friends. He complains that they do not talk of subjects that interest him. And, as uncle's social converse turns on three venerable anecdotes that, through long

practice, he succeeds in bringing into the conversation no matter what the subject under discussion, I fear me he does not interest our friends.

"Your reference to that eye-specialist," he may say, "recalls a good story of Grimaldi, the celebrated clown, who when suffering from depression consulted a physician. The doctor, not aware of his patient's identity, advised him to go to see Grimaldi, whose fun would be sure to cure him."

Or someone may mention a current joke in *Punch*: Uncle sees his opportunity and starts at once. "O, speaking of humourists, there is a well authenticated



story of Grimaldi, the celebrated——"

Or "to take another way," as the cookery books say: "So you took Babs to see Drury Lane Pantomime, and he liked the Harlequinade best. Do you know that in private life these clowns are often the saddest men. There is an anecdote of Grimaldi the celebrated——"

He has two other stories equally threadbare, and much longer, which he exhibits similar ingenuity in introducing: but common courtesy holds us in its iron thrall, and we submit.

It is Uncle Peter's pleasure frequently to take offence at some imaginary slight we have dealt him, whereupon

he writes denouncing us, and hinting at his intention of seeing us no more. But, to our regret be it said, he forgives us—all too readily. Lately we removed to the heights of Hampstead, waisted there partly by the belief that the steep hill would prove a hindrance to his coming. Vain hope! Ere a week had passed Uncle Peter arrived to stay overnight. The main object of his visit seemed to be to convince us that our house was ill-built and draughty, that the soil was clay and consequently rheumatic, that we had taken a lease at an exorbitant rent, that our ideas of decorations were beneath contempt, and, finally that it had put him to great fatigue and inconvenience to come to see us!

We often regard Uncle Peter as a diseased limb, and resolve to cut him off. But time passes and we delay. He is

an old man now, with but few friends, and, through all his carping disagreeableness, we feel somehow as though Uncle Peter clung to us, and that though he adds nothing to the pleasures of our life, perhaps we may be adding something to his. In future, however, I vow not to pander to his tastes nearly so much as I have done. It is a bad habit, and merely makes him selfish and dictatorial.

• • • •

The front gate has just clanged, and Uncle Peter is coming up the walk. He looks rather bilious, and exceeding cross. We have only veal cutlets, and an apple charlotte for lunch; and I know Uncle Peter cannot tolerate either. I must rush off and induce cook to prepare hurriedly something more to his liking.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.



The Fashions of the Month.

JANUARY has no new fashions. It is the trying month of the year. The first gloss is off our winter garments, the moisture has taken the curl out of our feathers, and the mud has marred the trim edge of our skirts.

sales, and the delightful imagining about fancy-dress balls.

As for the sales, the foolish virgins ever exceed the wise, and we should advise those who are not exceptionally clear-headed to avoid them altogether. For



SILK BLOUSE FORMED OF LARGE TUCKS, WITH FRILL OF CHIFFON

The pleasant excitement of choosing our evening dresses is over, and the only diversions that remain are the January

several particular things, however, the sales are sometimes really an advantage. First, for underlinen. Pretty underlinen,

* * * *Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowyer Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.*



SKATING COSTUME: VELVET BODICE TRIMMED WITH MINK, SILVER BUTTONS AND BUCKLE,
WITH SATIN WAIST-BAND

slightly soiled, is sold at modest prices, and as a visit to the laundry quickly renews its beauty it is well worth purchasing. Furs, too, may well be bought. The first rush for them is past, and furriers naturally wish to reduce their stock. In millinery, too, the reductions are genuine and great, for modes change more

quickly in hats than in other things. But girls should be warned above all against purchasing soiled hats or dresses because they are cheap. Gloves, too, if offered "at a reduction" are generally ill-cut, or have some flaw not discovered until too late.

Some charm invests fancy-dress cos-



A CARACULE COSTUME

tumes. They give the imagination free play, and allow us for once to dress regardless of rules and regulations. We have before us a fashionable paper of '16, and some of the dresses are dainty enough to be worthy of reproduction. Here is an opera-dress worn the second winter after Waterloo. It is of white lace and white satin, long and straight and narrow, with a waist where a waist is

most poetic—just under the breasts. The lace skirt is cut into pointed festoons and frilled with lace, just as many have been these last few years; but a band of byas satin edging the festoons gives it a pleasing note of antiquity. The sleeve is loose, like our bishop sleeve, but not nearly so full; long, and finished with a frill of lace at the wrists. The *decolleté* bodice is edged

with lace laid on rather flat, and modesty has added an inner frill of muslin drawn up nearly to the neck with a silk cord that is tied in a bow in front and has its ends finished off with tassels. The hair is parted in front, and falls in pretty loose natural curls all round as far as the neck, but no further. A wreath of roses

round the foot, and thick ruffings of muslin round the neck. The long pelisse which, if buttoned up, would cover the dress entirely, is of fine smooth lemon-coloured cloth with three full shoulder capes. The high stiff collar is lined with yellow silk: it was considered a great novelty eighty years since. The



NEW HATS

with two tall white ostrich plumes curling upwards forms the head dress. White gloves and slippers and diamond ornaments (including ear-rings) complete this costume simple and charming. Quaint is a walking or carriage dress for November, '16. The dress itself is of thick white muslin, with a deep frill

hat is called an "Austrian toque," but is quite unlike the modern toque. It resembles an old-fashioned coal-scuttle without a scoop, or a bit of pipe about nine inches long covered in at the back. It might be made of cardboard. It is of moss-green silk, and a fine set of black plumes set at the right side prevent it

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AN EVENING FROCK

looking as stiff as it otherwise would. A frilled reticule of green silk, yellow gloves and yellow shoes to match the coat, show how daintily our grandmothers considered their schemes of colour, how careful they were to carry them out.

From London in '16 to Paris in '96 is rather a jump. Yet in *Lorenzaccio*, now being played in Paris, we get some excel-

lent hints for fancy costumes. A pretty renaissance robe worn by Mdle. Bellanger is of muslin, shot pink and green, and accordion pleated. It is in one piece from the neck, and is held in place by bands of embroidered satin laid on like a stole. A flat piece encircles the neck, and a long piece goes straight down from the centre of the neck in front to

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the brim of the skirt. A flat band encircles the waist just below the arms. The short plain sleeves are finished with broad bands of blue fox just above the elbow. With this dress the hair is worn loose and flowing, and a semicircle of roses rests lightly on it just above the face. This is a gown that could be easily made at home. It is mediævally simple in idea and construction. It is cut in few pieces, and the fit is that of Nature. Paniered dolly varden dresses are pretty for slim young figures. Here is a fine Dresden china scheme of colour. Have a shortish skirt of *eau-de-Nil* satin with a frill of cream lace round the hem. Get a small-patterned brocade in pink and blue and pale green for paniers and bodice. Wear with it a broad-brimmed hat of the period, with high pink bows above and long black velvet ribbons behind. Powder the hair, put two dainty patches on the face, a band of black velvet round the neck, a black velvet rosette where the paniers part in front, and tiny knobs of black velvet at intervals along the lace frill of the skirt. Black-and-white silk striped stockings and smart black slippers should be worn with it. It will be found that these notes of black will give considerable distinction and animation to this costume.

In our first illustration we find a very pretty blouse of that blue and green shot silk, the very hue of the fringe of a peacock's feathers, so effective in artificial light. It is formed almost entirely of large tucks, and the frill of kilted chiffon is of a very soft shade of lemon yellow, with a narrow edge of black.

The skating costume shown is in a soft Liberty green. The velvet bodice is trimmed with mink, and the black satin waistband and silver buckles and buttons contrast prettily with the tone and surface of the velvet. Another pretty skating-gown is of powder-blue serge trimmed with broad black and jetted braid. This braid forms the waistband, and short lines of braid radiate from the waist out over the skirt. Each line terminates in an ornament resembling the club of cards. This braid also frames the square yoke on the bodice. The yoke is of orange velvet overlaid with Irish lace. The little toque of orange velvet worn with it is edged with mink, and has a black and orange bird

poised in front. A rather striking skating-dress is of red serge trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. The velvet ribbon is put on in close-set rows; about a dozen run round the hem of the skirt. A space above this is a band of about nine, after another space six, and again three. The short coat bodice is trimmed with half a dozen close-set rows, which start at one shoulder, cross the front of the bodice, pass under the arm, and cross the back to the shoulder, whence they started; a similar set, starting from the opposite shoulder, the result being, of course, that the two sets cross each other and form a black cross on the scarlet bodice, back and front. This dress is French in design. It is worn with a small astrachan toque and black gloves sewed with red. Yet another has a skirt and sleeves of green velvet, with a bodice of black broad-tail spangled with black jet. In front the bodice is turned back with green velvet revers embroidered in jet, and reveals a vest of white silk muslin, and a cravat of point lace fastened with a jewelled pin. A knot of scented violets nestles beside the cravat, and another in the pretty green velvet toque, trimmed with a white bird and white glacé ribbon bows.

The newest chiffons have appliqués of chiffon in another colour. The designs employed consist mostly of quaint, detached scroll-work. Cream chiffon appliqué on black, and made up over pink glacé silk, makes a charming evening gown.

The latest fan is of marabout feathers, with jewelled butterflies at intervals. Of course, it is as extravagant as it is delightful. The pretty little Empire fans, sewn with sequins, are more charming and sufficiently dear for ordinary folks.

Paterfamilias, if his spare funds be not wholly exhausted by the demands of Christmas, will do well to call at Vigor's, in Baker Street. A speciality is there being made of cycles for children, and the new models are so attractive that before long the child cyclist should be as common in our midst as the adult.

A capital New Year's present is the Calton Stylographic Pen, manufactured by the L. M. Jewel Pen Co., 58, Fenchurch Street, E.C. The cost is only three shillings post paid.